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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1847.

## REVIEWS

*The Homilies of Ælfric.* With an English Translation by Benjamin Thorpe, Esq. 2 vols. Printed for the Ælfric Society.

"NOTHING is unworthier of the English name, nor can there be a baser reproach to a learned and honourable people, than to be able to bear with patience that the books of their forefathers, venerable from their antiquity, should contract mould and filth, or be polluted with dust, or gnawed by moths, or corrupted by rottenness; or, which is even as perilous to the commonwealth of letters, that they should like evil angels be reserved in everlasting chains under darkness. Truly it shameth an Englishman to say that the English, who excel in learning and genius, can bear, can suffer, can endure, what neither the Gauls, nor the Batavians, nor the Danes, nor the Swedes would tolerate." Thus wrote the erudite and zealous Hickes 140 years ago:—and thus might he have written almost up to the present time. Yet the reproach so cast has been, by slow but accelerating degrees, diminishing since. Four years afterwards Miss Elton published the Gregory Homily; and afterwards made other equally honourable, though less successful, efforts in the same direction. As the last century advanced, the study sank lower and lower; till at length it showed only occasional signs of languid life in the rare appearance of a pedantic and cumbersome volume whose exorbitant price and careful *Dry-as-dustiness* repelled most inquirers—satisfying the thirst of even the most resolute seeker for the true "well of English undefiled" with little more than corrupt texts and verbose and inaccurate translations and comments. To the Oxford chair of Anglo-Saxon—small as, from the absurd restrictions of the founder's will, among other causes, its services have on the whole been—must not be denied the credit of having early in the present century contributed in some degree to the revival of the study. Dr. Ingram's Inaugural Lecture, with Ælfred's Geography in Saxon and English published in 1807, showed a praiseworthy zeal for a much neglected subject—and being written in earnest, had some effect in calling attention to it. The same writer's edition sixteen years later, of the 'Saxon Chronicle,' though it now seems unsatisfactory and somewhat uncritical, was at that time creditable to the diligence and erudition of the undertaker.

The learned President of Trinity College seems to have been the first English scholar who wisely laid aside the mediæval characters—for the most part mere corruptions of the Roman—formerly thought necessary in printing Anglo-Saxon; but which, except the two letters representing the hard and soft *th*, serve no purpose but those of increasing the trouble and expense of printing and puzzling the learner. Not even the Messrs. Taylor's beautiful types, far less the famous old "typi Germani," can reconcile us to the inconsistency of retaining these few monkish characters—as is done in the Cædmon and Exeter Book, edited for the Antiquarian Society by Mr. Thorpe. When publishing on his own account that gentleman has from the first eschewed a piece of mere dilettantism—which we hope never to see repeated.

It would be invidious to do more than allude to the long list of proposed editions of Anglo-Saxon works put forth by Dr. Ingram in his first publication; when, full of zeal for his subject, he little foresaw, perhaps, the failure of time for some, of inclination, it may be, for others, and of encouragement for all, of these

good intentions. If other Rawlinsonian Professors have promised less, they have in general done nothing. But too many unsuccessful attempts, unperformed promises, and ill-executed undertakings meet the inquirer into the progress of this study in England.

Of the other Anglo-Saxon works which appeared up to 1830 we will only say that they were all founded on a more or less defective and incorrect acquaintance with the language; and it was not till Mr. Thorpe had earned the name of founder of the more critical modern school of native Anglo-Saxon philologists, by his improved edition of the learned Dane Erasmus Rask's grammar, that the study of Anglo-Saxon assumed a comparatively stable and scientific aspect in this country.

Not long after, Mr. J. M. Kemble, the friend and pupil of Jacob Grimm, furnished the philologist and the lover of the genuine epic poetry of the north with a new world of instruction and enjoyment in his admirable edition of *Beowulf*. These two scholars were not only the first to make us acquainted with the results of the labours of the great linguists of the continent who, by their skilful and elaborate comparative anatomy of language, have thrown so much light on the verbal and grammatical structure of Anglo-Saxon,—but they have so greatly improved upon those labours that we may hope one day to walk without foreign leading-strings or the risk of incurring the contempt of critical foreign scholars. To them Englishmen are also indebted for several other works, before unpublished or ill edited, illustrating the history, laws, language, religion, and daily life of the Anglo-Saxons.—A few years later appeared Dr. Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary; the only one that we have—and, though far from faultless, a diligent and valuable compilation: and still more recently the valuable edition of Lazamon by Sir Frederick Madden—reviewed in our columns *ante*, p. 954.—But a mass of manuscripts was still known to exist in this country, which no individual exertions, feebly seconded by public encouragement, seemed likely to be able to bring to light; while many were believed to be hid among the codical treasures of public and private libraries at home and abroad. For the Society, therefore, some of whose publications we purpose to examine, was it reserved to execute a national task which in almost any other country in Europe, if beyond the power or the will of private patriotism, would long since have been undertaken by the government.

The Ælfric Society was formed in 1843 "for the publication of those Anglo-Saxon and other literary monuments, both civil and ecclesiastical, tending to illustrate the early state of England, which have either not yet been given to the world or of which a more correct and convenient edition may be deemed desirable." If it goes on as it has begun, it will enable us to look our learned foreign friends in the face, and tell them that we are bent on understanding better those "Saxon institutions" of which they hear us boast and that Saxon language which is rapidly spreading itself over the furthest ends of the earth. Few nations of civilized Europe possess a coeval literature at all comparable to the Anglo-Saxon, either in extent and variety or in the expressive and poetic copiousness and grammatical regularity of the pure Germanic dialect in which it is enballed. That tongue which is the mother of fifteen-twentieths of our present English, and has been called "the darling child of the Teutonic family," should surely not be less diligently and scientifically cultivated on the soil where it attained to its full growth, and flourished in its purity for full five hundred

years, than almost any other language ancient or modern. The name of the society, as being that of one or more distinguished Anglo-Saxon writers, is well chosen: and their selection of the Ælfric Homilies—in which, however imperfectly known hitherto, much interest has always been felt by the lovers of Anglo-Saxon literature—as their first publication is a judicious one.

Of the numbers already printed by the society, the first twelve contain Ælfric's 'Sermones Catholici'—as the first of the whole series of the Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon Church edited by Mr. Thorpe. These are complete in two octavo volumes:—and to them we shall for the present confine our attention.

As Ælfric was a common Anglo-Saxon name, and borne by at least two distinguished ecclesiastics—one Archbishop of York, the other of Canterbury—at nearly the same time, the authorship of these sermons has been much disputed. We cannot do better than follow Mr. Thorpe, and assume them to be the work of Ælfric, Archbishop of York, who presided over that see from the year 1023 to 1051. Against this supposition there seems no objection on the score of dates; and that the composer of the 'Sermones' was a person of eminence during the life of Archbishop Wulfstan—of whom, according to our hypothesis, he was the immediate successor—is evident from the language of his canons and of his Pastoral Epistle to Wulfstan. On Ælfric's part in these Homilies—whether, as would seem from his preface, it was that of a mere translator, or whether he drew anything from his own stores—we cannot venture to pronounce. His sermons in either case equally exhibit what were the doctrines of the Anglo-Saxon Church at the period in which they were compiled or translated; and are for the most part valuable in matter, and expressed in language which may be pronounced a pure specimen of our noble, old, Germanic mother-tongue. In assigning to the Archbishop of York the honour of being the author of the Homilies, it would have been gratifying to add that the character of that prelate given by the chroniclers was all that could be desired, and such as to render it probable on that score that to him we are indebted for these noble labours. Unfortunately, the case is otherwise; the few facts recorded of Ælfric of York being irreconcilable with the portrait of the pious student which our imagination draws when it calls to mind the exertions in the cause of religion and learning attributed to our Ælfric. Of the archbishop, Malmesbury speaks in terms of no ordinary severity: asserting that at his instigation Hardacnut caused the corpse of his brother Harald Harefoot to be taken from the grave and decapitated, and afterwards thrown into the Thames; and also that, being exasperated against the people of Worcester, who had rejected him for their bishop, he instigated the same king to burn their city and confiscate their property under the pretext of their having resisted the royal tax-gatherers. The better testimony of Florence of Worcester with regard to the first of these transactions is, however, less prejudicial to the character of Ælfric. He says merely that Ælfric, Archbishop of York, with others, was sent to London by the king for the purpose of digging up the body of Harald and casting it into a fen. Of the second transaction Florence makes no mention. The earliest account is that in the Saxon Chronicle (A.D. 1046); and in this it is simply said that he (Hardacnut) caused the dead body of Harald to be taken up, and had it cast into a fen. To Ælfric and the others there is no allusion whatever. In the same record his death is mentioned in the following terms of respect; "This year (1052) died

Ælfrie, Archbishop of York,—a very venerable and wise man."

Out of the eighty sermons and more before us, few have seen the light until now. The first ever published, the famous 'Paschal Homily' ('Sermo de Sacrificio in die Pasce')—to which great interest has long attached, from its statement of the opinion of the Saxon Church on the Eucharist—was put forth by Fox, the martyrologist; who has also the credit of being the first publisher of the Anglo-Saxon Gospels. It has been twice or thrice reprinted.—To John Day, the printer, however, the honour of first publishing this homily must be due, if Hickes be right in dating his edition "about 1567"; for though 'The Acts and Monuments' came out in 1553, it was not till 1632 that it formed more than one volume—and Hickes says the homily is given in the *second volume*.—Nearly one hundred years afterwards Thwaites printed with his 'Heptateuchus, &c.' the 'Homily on Job.' In 1709 appeared Miss Elstob's edition of 'The Sermon on the Birthday (or anniversary of the earthly death) of St. Gregory, the famous Pope of Rome, Apostle of the English Nation';—which was reprinted a few years ago, with an account of the editress. Mr. Thorpe, in the first edition of his 'Analecta,' published Job corrected from Thwaites—adding three others from the original Bodleian MSS. His second contains one more. Not long after, the 'Gregory Homily' was again printed by Mr. Langley, with a lengthy and very un-Saxon introduction, and a glossary, &c.; the whole forming a well meant, but very pompous and sadly inaccurate, little book, with a somewhat ambitious title. The qualifications of this Anglo-Saxon editor may be judged of by his "wishing to lead to further inquiry into the acute philological dissertations and sound grammatical principles of Horne Tooke"; whose false Anglo-Saxon verbs, &c. he loses no opportunity of bringing in—besides referring with complacency to such authorities as "the dreamer, M. Casaubon" (as Johnson called him), Verstegan, and Dr. Murray. Thus, but six of the eighty-five Ælfrie homilies—or, indeed, out of the whole number (save one in the 'Analecta') of those of the Anglo-Saxon church—seem to have been ever published before the Ælfrie Society took them in hand. It need hardly be added, that of their editors none but Mr. Thorpe had done any one of them justice.

Ælfrie's object in this undertaking—as stated by himself in his Latin dedications to Sigeric, Archbishop of Canterbury—is the instruction and edification of "the simple" who know no tongue but that wherein they were born, and the correction of that false teaching, error and ignorance of which he often complains elsewhere. In his Saxon preface\* to the first volume he says, "I, Ælfrie, monk and mess-priest, although weaker than befitteth such orders, was sent in King Æthelred's day by Bishop Ælfeah, Æthelwold's successor, to a mynster that is hight Cernel, through the prayer of Æthelmere the Thane; his birth and goodness are everywhere known. Then it occurred to my mind, I trust through God's grace, that I would turn this book from the Latin language to the English speech; not from boldness of great lore, but because I have seen and heard much error in many English books which unlearned men, through their simplicity, reckoned as great wisdom; and it grieved me that they knew not nor had the evangelic lore in their writings, save those men only who knew Latin, and save those books that King Ælfred pru-

dently turned from Latin into English, which are to be had.† For this cause I presumed, trusting in God, to undertake this task, and also for that men behove good teaching chiefly at this time, which is the ending of this world," &c.—Sigeric was primate from 990 till 995; during which time, therefore, the homilies must have been written.—Cernel is thought to be Cerne in Dorsetshire, "where," quoth Speed, "Augustine, the English Apostle, brake downe the altars and idols of the Saxons' God *Hell*, whom they devoutly honoured as the onely conservor of their health." The allusion to the approaching end of the world, suggested in the dedication, refers to the belief very general at the time throughout Europe, that the year 1000 was the destined period of the present state of things. Mr. Thorpe cites, in a note, some of the chief evidences of this notion, brought together by Michelet in his '*Histoire de France*.' The most precise of these passages (Abb. Floriac, A.D. 990) preserved by the elder Galland, says, "I heard in a church of the Parisians a sermon before the people of the end of the world, to the effect that the number of 1000 years ended, forthwith Antichrist should come, and no long time after the universal judgment should follow."—Both the Saxon prefaces end with the usual protest and entreaty against careless writing and false copying; practices, doubtless, common enough in the days of manuscript books,—and which Ælfrie points out as one source of the errors and heresies he is ever deploring.

With regard to the Homilies themselves, we have seen that they are professedly taken from the Latin. Among his authorities Ælfrie names Augustine, Jerome, Gregory the Great, Beda, Smaragdus, and Haynes,—and often quotes "Jerome the wise mass-priest," "Augustine the wise," "the holy Pope Gregory," and "Beda our teacher." Sermons borrowed chiefly from the three writers first mentioned, and containing nothing of the personal and miscellaneous matter which became the pulpit fashion some centuries later—and seems to have reached its acme in the gossiping discourses of Latimer—cannot be expected to throw much new light on the character or customs of our Saxon forefathers. The sin which they serve to mark as chiefly soiling these—as well as their near kinsfolk, but bitter foes, the Danes—is the northern one of drunkenness. A Latin "Ammonitio" against this vice stands as postscript to the dedication and preface of the second volume—which, as it is not translated, must have been addressed to the clergy. The Homilies are, for the most part, simple and unambitious expositions of Gospel texts, where the subject is strictly a Scripture one; in general containing nothing that might not be preached by any orthodox divine to a somewhat rude and ignorant congregation—and more than half of them would have been called by George the Third "good short sermons." Several, however—especially those which treat of mediæval saints—are of a character to prove that Anglo-Saxon credulity was tolerably strong. When the saint is a native of Britain, indeed, the preacher seems to revel in miracles very unlike, both in nature and purpose, to those of the first centuries—though sometimes evidently imitations of, and supposed improvements, on them. That on the "Deposition of St. Cuthbert, Bishop," is full of them. His whole life would seem to have been a succession of interpositions of Providence, and of miraculous works of his own. He was cured of lameness caused by a hard swelling in one knee by a venerable horseman, clad in white garments, sitting on a snow-white horse. This, it

seems, was an angel; and the cure is compared to that of Tobias's blindness through the archangel Gabriel. Another time, in the winter, an angel visits him in the guise of a stranger; who disappears suddenly, leaving no foot-mark in the snow, but for his reward "three heavenly loaves shining with the lily's brightness, and exhaling the rose's fragrance, and in taste sweeter than bees' honey." Twice besides he is miraculously fed,—once by an eagle, which is likened to a raven feeding Elijah. He is wont to pray secretly in the night-time, standing up to his neck in the sea. Another monk once upon a time watches him, and sees how that "two seals come from the bottom of the sea, and with their fleece dry his feet, and with their breath warm his limbs, and after by a sign beg his blessing, lying at his feet on the fallow sand. Then Cuthbert sends the sea-beasts to the sea with a true blessing," &c. The prying monk falls ill; but confessing his curiosity obtains pardon and cure from the saints. Cuthbert prays out the fire of burning houses—heals diseases of many kinds—has the gift of prophecy—and drives away devils.

The sermon for the "Greater Litaney" (St. Mark's Day) consists chiefly of the visions of the Scottish priest Fursens and the Saxon Monk Drihthelm: and both are curious instances of the blind love of the marvellous, and the unscrupulous readiness to satisfy it, characteristic of the times.

Any extract from the large portion of more sound and edifying matter which these Homilies contain will not be expected by our readers. We could not, without trenching on our well-known rule on theologic subjects, give a perfect idea of their mingled tenor;—but of this the reader may judge for himself by the close translation which is wisely printed opposite the Saxon text in all the Ælfrie Society's publications. Suffice it to say that they probably contain some matter new even to the historians of the Anglo-Saxon church. Ælfrie more than once alludes to the learning of Scotland. Thus, Ælfrie, who succeeded Egfrith on the throne of Northumberland, "had for wisdom gone to the Scots, that he might thrive in lore abroad":—and Drihthelm, whose visions he relates, after "leaving all worldly things, entered the mynster that is called Magilros (Melrose) and was shorn and subjected to the A-bot Æthelwold." It was not likely that a West Saxon writer, much given to everything Latin, and used to call Gregory and Augustine the "apostles of the English nation," should refer more particularly to the probability that the greater part of England north of the Thames received its Christianity from the Scottish and Irish clergy of Iona—whose great southern outposts were Melrose and Lindisfarne; and thus from the British church of the first century, not from the Italian missionaries of the sixth. Judging from Ælfrie, who is known to have been a man of superior learning, Anglo-Saxon clerical scholarship—and there was little other—might, in general, be described as "small Latin and less Greek." He supposes *Sibylla* to be a proper name—talks of the "city of Cappadocia"—and gives *Saba*, as the Queen of Sheba's name. For the last error, however, the Vulgate's ambiguous "regina Saba" must answer. In his preface to Genesis he speaks of a certain mass-priest, once his master, who had the book of Genesis;—but knowing but little Latin, understood not, "nor did I then yet," the great difference between the old and the new law touching marriage, &c.:—and of unlearned priests, who, if they knew ever so little Latin, forthwith set up for great teachers.

It is not likely that we should have much critical fault to find with the editorial part of the work; but it must be owned that more

\* Here and elsewhere, we translate even more closely than Mr. Thorpe,—in order to give as literal a notion of the original as possible.

† These, as is well known, consist of 'Boetius de Consolationibus,' Beda's 'Ecclesiastical History,' 'Orosius,' 'Pope Gregory's Dialogues,' &c.

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oversights in the translation, and more misprints besides those noticed in the errata, have met our eye than might have been expected from an editor like Mr. Thorpe or printers like the Messrs. Taylor. Our chief quarrel, however, is with that over-caution which has made Mr. Thorpe, here as elsewhere, far too sparing of comment. Why does he give us so little of his own? The Anglo-Saxon student, relying on his sound judgment and solid learning, welcomes every word from his pen; and cannot but think three pages of notes to three hundred of Saxon—the proportion in each of these volumes—a very scanty allowance.

One or two of the notes to the second volume suggest a few brief remarks. Among the miraculous cures effected by visiting the church of St. Stephen, Ælfric relates that “a woman of noble birth was greatly afflicted with long sickness, and no leechcraft availed her aught. Then a Jewish man counselled her to take a wart [A.S. *wernæg*] from an ox's back, and tie it to a ring with her *fillet*,” [A.S. *snód*.] &c. On *wernæg* Mr. Thorpe's note is, “The meaning of this word is unknown to me.” Its *etymology* we cannot give; but its *meaning* is made clear enough by its descendant,—which is in common country use to this day. “*Wornail, wornil*,” says Mr. Barnes in the Glossary to his *Desert Poems*, “is the larva of the gad-fly (*œstrus bovis*), growing under the skin of the back of cattle,—and causing, we suppose, a wart-like swelling. The word is given by Johnson and others without any derivation,—and is sometimes corrupted to *wormil* and *warble*.—We wonder that Mr. Thorpe should have rendered *snód fillet*, instead of using the well-known north-country *snood*.”

Further on, occurs another proof of the light which attention to English provincialisms may throw on Anglo-Saxon words. On the passage, “King Xerxes wrought the arches over with golden plates,” [mid *gyldenum lefrum*] the editor observes:—“In the translation I have followed *Abdias*; whose words are, ‘*Camera ipsa laminis aureis suffixa*,’ though *lefer* signifies a *rush*, and *gylden lefer*, the plant *golden rod*.’ Now, *levers*, or *lever-leaves* (also *livers*, &c.) is yet the common south-of-England name for the *yellow flag* (*Iris pseudacorus*), and for any other such plant with long sword-shaped leaves,—as the leaf-bearing rushes or the like. The sea-weed called *laver* may also hence derive its name; the *lavers* (Porphyræ and Ulvæ) are *flat-leaved* plants of the natural family *Algæ*.—We think this will explain the use of the Anglo-Saxon *lefer* for a long and thin *lamina* or plate of metal.—Another note informs us that “All the Anglo-Saxon MSS. of the Gospels agree in the number of *seventy-two* disciples, instead of *seventy*.” In this there is nothing wonderful, when it is known that the Anglo-Saxons translated from the Vulgate,—from which the Latin text quoted by Ælfric is taken literally; and that the Vulgate, on but slender authority it is said, here does read *seventy-two*. This same *seventy-two* seems to have been a favourite rabbinical number, and to be yet in high favour in the East. Thus, the Septuagint version was said to be the work of seventy-two interpreters, who finished their task in seventy-two days. One of Mr. Trench's Proverbs, Turkish and Persian,\* runs thus:—

Seets seventy-two, they say, the world infest,  
And each and all lie hidden in thy breast.

And we need hardly quote Coleridge's:—

In Köln, a town of monks and bones,  
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,  
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,  
I counted two and seventy stinks!  
All well-defined and several stinks!

In what has been said of the progress of the

\* ‘Poems from Eastern Sources,’ p. 60.

study of Anglo-Saxon literature, our object has been chiefly by the mention of a few facts to prove the great need for some such facility for the publication of MSS. and improved editions as is afforded by the Ælfric Society. The exorbitant price of Anglo-Saxon books has hitherto been one of the greatest hindrances to the study of the language; and this, we are sorry to say, is not remedied by the Ælfric publications. We hope in time to see cheap reprints of all the most important works:—and the recent appearance of a new edition of Mr. Thorpe's valuable ‘*Analecta*’ at about half its original cost, and of a tolerably comprehensive and tolerably accurate Anglo-Saxon Guide at less than half that of Rask's Grammar, are encouraging signs of the times.

*Mark's Reef; or, the Crater.* A Tale of the Pacific. By the Author of ‘*The Prairie*,’ &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

THE wide course of Mr. Cooper's literary wanderings has at length brought him on to the ground of Defoe; and here we have a new Robinson Crusoe with the American “difference.” The materials are such as the author would in his day of power have worked into a narrative of breathless interest; but the hand is growing feeble that held the spell. The artist's colouring, which was an important part of his mystery, grows pale; faults of style that were visible even through its fascination come out in prominence upon their colder ground; the arrogance of the writer wants the warmth of his romance for its justification; and frequent vulgarisms show as something more than local—as personal to the man—when removed from the scenes and accidents that gave them dramatic sanction. That overminuteness of detail which had its own peculiar charm when Mr. Cooper was a master of suspense—and wrote ‘*The Borderers*,’—degenerates into prolixity where the human mystery no longer takes its part. It is with the passionate moods of *Nature* only that the author deals in the pages before us; and even of these while he traces graphically and didactically the physical effects,—he fails to present the natural passion itself and the actual phenomenon with the finger of power. The book, nevertheless, is a remarkable book,—like all Mr. Cooper's: and familiarity with the master's works enables us to picture some of the glow which it would have worn had it come from the author's pen in the day when he wrote at once with more care and with less need of it.

As we have said, the human interests go for almost nothing in this book. The hero of the tale, Mark Woolston, as mate of the good ship *Rancocus*, is wrecked among breakers somewhere in the Pacific; and finds refuge on a reef for himself and Bob Betts, his nautical ‘Friday.’ Here, much useful information, having the Robinson Crusoe moral, is given as to the means by which human energy and intelligence may overcome the seeming hopelessness of situation, and a naked rock is made by due cultivation of its own slumbering means to smile like a fairy island.—There being no real ground in all the wide Pacific fitted for Mr. Cooper's plans, he takes the Shakespearian privilege of building one for himself,—and uses the phenomena of the tropics for the purpose. Accident having separated him from his companion—who is swept out to sea in a pinnace which the two had put together as a means of escaping from their natural prison—Mark is left to the solitude of its volcanic walls; with a good wide exercising ground, nevertheless, among the channels and upon the reefs up and over which the *Rancocus* had driven, on the top of a gale, the night of her wreck. New structures and a wider

range are, however, created for him, like Aladdin's palace and pleasure-grounds, in a night.—

“It was many hours ere Mark awoke, and when he did it was with a sense of suffocation. At first he thought the ship had taken fire, a lurid light gleaming in at the open door of the cabin, and he sprang to his feet in recollection of the danger he ran from the magazine as well as from being burned. But no crackling of flames reaching his ears, he dressed hastily and went out on the poop. He had just reached the deck, when he felt the whole ship tremble from her truck to her keel, and a rushing of water was heard on all sides of him as if a flood were coming. Hissing sounds were heard, and streams of fire, and gleams of lurid light were seen in the air. It was a terrible moment, and one that might well induce any man to imagine that time was drawing to its close. Mark Woolston now comprehended his situation, notwithstanding the intense darkness which prevailed, except in those brief intervals of lurid light. He had felt the shock of an earthquake, and the volcano had suddenly become active. Smoke and ashes certainly filled the air, and our poor hermit instinctively looked towards his crater, already so verdant and lively, in the expectation of seeing it vomit flames. Everything there was tranquil; the danger, if danger there was, was assuredly more remote. But the murky vapour which rendered breathing exceedingly difficult, also obstructed the view, and prevented his seeing where the explosion really was. \* \* \* At length, the usual signs of returning day became apparent to him, and he got on the bowsprit of the ship, as if to meet it in its approach. There he stood looking to the eastward, eager to have ray after ray shoot into the firmament, when he was suddenly struck with a change in that quarter of the ocean, which at once proclaimed the power of the effort which the earth had made in its subterranean throes. Naked rocks appeared in places where Mark was certain water in abundance had existed a few hours before. The sea-wall, directly ahead of the ship, and which never showed itself above the surface more than two or three inches, in any part of it, and that only at exceedingly neap tides—was now not only bare for a long distance, but parts of ten and fifteen feet above the surrounding sea. This proved at once that the earthquake had thrust upward a vast surface of the reef, completely altering the whole appearance of the shoal! In a word, nature had made another effort, and islands had been created, as it might be in the twinkling of an eye. Mark was no sooner assured of this stupendous fact, than he hurried on to the poop, in order to ascertain what changes had occurred in and about the crater. It had been pushed upward in common with all the rocks for miles on every side of it, though without disturbing its surface! By the computation of our young man, the Reef, which previously lay about six feet above the level of the ocean, was now fully twenty, so many cubits having been, by one single but mighty effort of nature, added to its stature. The planks which led from the stern of the vessel to the shore, and which had formed a descent, were now nearly level, so much water having left the basin as to produce this change. Still the ship floated, enough remaining to keep her keel clear of the bottom. Impatient to learn all Mark ran ashore, for by this time it was broad daylight, and hastened into the crater, with an intention to ascend at once to the Summit. \* \* \* On reaching this our young man was enabled to form a better opinion of the vast changes which had been wrought around him, by this sudden elevation of the earth's crust. Everywhere sea seemed to be converted into land, or, at least, into rock. All the white water had disappeared, and in its place arose islands of rock, or mud, or sand. A good deal of the last was to be seen, and some quite near the Reef, as we shall still continue to call the island of the crater. Island, however, it could now hardly be termed. It is true that ribands of water approached it on all sides, resembling creeks, and rivers and small sounds; but, as Mark stood there on the Summit, it seemed to him that it was now possible to walk for leagues in every direction, commencing at the crater and following the lines of reefs, and rocks, and sands, that had been laid bare by the late up-heaving. The extent of this change gave him confidence in its permanency, and the young man had hopes that what had thus been produced by the Providence of God would be permitted to remain, to



answer his own benevolent purposes. It certainly made an immense difference in his own situation. The boat could still be used, but it was now possible for him to ramble for hours, if not for days, along the necks, and banks, and hummocks, and swales that had been formed, and that with a dry foot. His limits were so much enlarged as to offer something like a new world to his enterprise and curiosity."

In a word, Mark, who began with a bare rock, is introduced by this volcano to an Eden in the Pacific; which he finally colonizes—and endows with the principles of political economy. He gets up a navy—fights with the savages—makes treaties—and mimics the less ephemeral States of the world after a fashion of which Mr. Cooper has, of course, here the prescription. The latter takes the opportunity to indoctrinate the world on many points of moral and political economy:—and, this, indeed, seems to have been a leading purpose for which the book was written. If so, the machinery is somewhat large for the littleness of the result. In the latter part of the work the novelist appears as the professor,—but we cannot say that his lectures have much originality either in the fact or in the form. Very hasty generalizations of mere particulars—that do not even take the pains to wear any other of the characters of wisdom than the air of infallibility with which they are propounded—make the philosophy of the third volume. And finally, having read his discourses and, so, done with his island, Mr. Cooper, like Prospero, breaks his wand and dissolves his spells—but after a yet more summary fashion: sinking the island itself again into the sea by the same device which he had employed to create it for his especial purpose!

Mark having tasted of the proverbial ingratitude of communities, and been deposed from his dictatorship by the establishment of a republic, had gone home with his family to Bristol (in America) in that disgust which deposed sovereigns may be expected very commonly to feel. Here, however, he seems to have been haunted by a yearning after the seat of his former power—the more that it offered yet a field for further commercial speculation.—For Mr. Cooper's hero has none of the proverbial improvidence of the sailor;—and has made a good thing of the short supra-marine lease of his deep-sea island.—Accordingly, he and his friend Betts once more set sail for his ancient kingdom of "The Crater."

"The passages between Valparaiso and the Crater had usually consumed about five weeks, though somewhat dependent on the state of the trades. On this occasion the run was rather long, it having been attempted to find a new course. Formerly, the vessels had fallen in with the crater between Betto's group and the Reef, which was bringing them somewhat to leeward, and Mr. Woolston now thought he would try a more southern route, and see if he could not make the Peak, which would not only bring him to windward, but which place was certainly giving him a more striking object to fall in with than the lower islands of the group. It was on the morning of one of the most brilliant days of those seas, that Captain Saunders met the ex-governor on the quarter-deck, as the latter appeared there for the first time since quitting his berth, and announced that he had just sent look-outs aloft to have a search for the land. By his reckoning they must be within twelve leagues of the Peak, and he was rather surprised that it was not yet visible from the deck. Make it they must very shortly; for he was quite certain of his latitude, and did not believe that he could be much out of the way, as respected his longitude. The cross-trees were next hailed, and the inquiry was made if the Peak could not be seen ahead. The answer was, that no land was in sight, in any part of the ocean! For several hours the ship ran down before the wind, and the same extraordinary vacancy existed on the waters! At length an island was seen, and the news was sent down on deck. Towards that island the ship steered, and about two in the afternoon she came up close

under its lee, and backed her topsail. This island was a stranger to all on board! The navigators were confident they must be within a few leagues of the Peak, as well as of the volcano; yet nothing could be seen of either, while here was an unknown island in their places! This strange land was of very small dimensions, rising out of the sea about three hundred feet. Its extent was no great matter, half a mile in diameter, perhaps, and its form nearly circular. A boat was lowered, and a party pulled towards it. As Mr. Woolston approached this as yet strange spot, something in its outlines recurred to his memory. The boat moved a little further north, and he beheld a solitary tree. Then a cry escaped him, and the whole of the terrible truth flashed on his mind. He beheld the summit of the Peak, and the solitary tree was that which he had himself preserved as a signal. The remainder of his paradise had sunk beneath the ocean! On landing, and examining more minutely, this awful catastrophe was fully confirmed. No part of Vulcan's Peak remained above water, but its rocky summit and its venerable deposit of guano. All the rest was submerged; and when soundings were made, the plain, that spot which had almost as much of heaven as of earth about it, according to the unlightened minds of its inhabitants, was found to be nearly a hundred fathoms deep in the ocean! It is scarcely possible to describe the sickening awe which came over the party, when they had assured themselves of the fatal facts by further observation. Everything, however, went to confirm the existence of the dire catastrophe. These internal fires had wrought a new convulsion, and the labours and hopes of years had vanished in a moment. The crust of the earth had again been broken; and this time it was to destroy instead of to create. The lead gave fearful confirmation of the nature of the disaster, the soundings answering accurately to the known formation of the land in the neighbourhood of the Peak. But in the Peak itself, it was not possible to be mistaken: there it was in its familiar outline, just as it had stood in its more elevated position, when it crowned its charmed mountain, and overlooked the whole of that enchanting plain which had so lately stretched beneath. It might be said to resemble, in this respect, that sublime rock which is recognised as a part of the 'everlasting hills,' in Cole's series of noble landscapes that is called 'The March of Empire;' ever the same amid the changes of time, and civilization, and decay, there it was the apex of the Peak; naked, storm-bent, and familiar to the eye, though surrounded no longer by the many delightful objects which had once been seen in its neighbourhood. \* \* The Rancoccus next shaped her course in the direction of the group. Soundings were struck near the western roads, and it was easy enough to carry the vessel towards what had formerly been the centre of those pleasant isles. The lead was kept going, and a good look-out was had for shoals; for, by this time, Mr. Woolston was satisfied that the greatest change had occurred at the southward, as in the former convulsion, the group having sunk but a trifle compared with the Peak; nevertheless every person as well as thing would seem to have been engulfed. Toward evening, however, as the ship was feeling her way to windward with great caution, and when the ex-governor believed himself at the centre of the group, the look-outs proclaimed shoal-water, and even small breakers, about half a mile on their larboard beam. The vessel was hoisted to, and a boat went to examine the place, Woolston and his friend Betts going in her. The shoal was made by the summit of the crater; breakers appearing in one or two places where the hill had been highest. The boat met with no difficulty, however, in passing over the spot, merely avoiding the white water. When the lead was dropped into the centre of the crater, it took out just twenty fathoms of line. That distance, then, below the surface of the sea, had the crater, and its town, and its people sunk! If any object had floated, as many must have done, it had long before drifted off in the currents of the ocean, leaving no traces behind to mark a place that had so lately been tenanted by human beings. The Rancoccus anchored in twenty-three fathoms, it being thought she lay nearly over the Colony House, and for eight-and-forty hours the exploration was continued. The sites of many a familiar spot were ascertained, but nothing could be found on which

even a spar might be anchored, to buoy out a lost community."

This catastrophe serves Mr. Cooper for a twofold use. It gets quit of inconvenient geographical inquiry, and punishes the sins of an erring community. We hope his book may make the world wiser. The moral may have its use,—but should be read on both sides. It would be well if nations could be taught that all popular—as well as all governmental—crimes are enacted on the edge of potential volcanoes.

#### *History of the Bank of England, its Times and Traditions.* By John Francis. 2 vols. Willoughby & Co.

We will begin by saying at once that this work has amused us. We have not often met with a greater quantity of entertaining gossip in the same number of pages. But a reader who should take up the book under the idea of getting a sustained monetary history of the Bank would be assuredly disappointed:—he had better go to McCulloch's 'Commercial Dictionary.' The author does, indeed, every now and then plunge into the *mare magnum* of figures; but he speedily emerges again: either dragging up a forger by the halter—or else with all the materials for a pleasant account of some mania of speculation, with its panic at the end.

Mr. Francis is an admirer of the Bank:—so are we. But our author admires it absolutely; and we waive the question whether it has been—particularly of late years—the best thing that could have been; confining our admiration to the conduct of the corporation as a whole in the circumstances which it has actually encountered. The Direction has often justly merited the praise of having seen its true position; and has stood between the public and the proprietors with a sagacious sense of what was due to both, and plenty of resolution to act upon it. So that, as times go—and still more as times have gone—we repeat that we admire the Bank. But Mr. Francis goes further than we can; and seems disposed to believe that it must have been immaculate—even where tradition tells ugly stories. Witness the following anecdote, preserved by Ireland, and commented on by our author.—

"It is well known that, in the year 1745, on account of the domestic confusion which prevailed in the northern part of this island, Bank notes were at a considerable discount. The notes, however, which were issued by Child's house, as well as those of Hoare and Co., still maintained their credit, and were circulated at par.—The Bank directors, alarmed at the depreciation of their paper, and attributing it to the high estimation in which the house of Messrs. Child still remained, attempted, by very unfair artifices, to ruin their reputation. This plan they endeavoured to accomplish by collecting a very large quantity of their notes, and pouring them in all together for payment on the same day. Before the project was executed, the Duchess of Marlborough, who had received some intimation of it, imparted the information to Mr. Child, and supplied him with a sum of money, more than sufficient to answer the amplest demand that could be made upon them. In consequence of this scheme, the notes were sent by the Bank, and were paid in their own paper; a circumstance which occasioned considerable loss to that corporation; their paper being circulated considerably below par. Perhaps this anecdote will be confirmed by the well known circumstance of the hostility of her Grace to the administrators of that trust.' The precision with which this account is given, must be accepted as a reason for its assertion. It is, however, most difficult of belief, that any body of honourable men would act so disgraceful a part. The story has, in all probability, arisen out of some financial operation, the object of which was perverted by the opponents of the Bank, because it was beyond their comprehension."

With the Bank, then, slightly biased help think of Fauntleroy a most hanging horror at such a he would which habitation" per it was "we are no whether we cannot of Merch Oates, with Mr. F. T. B. M. he imita opening in Fauntleroy "In S officer, in the bank person, v requestin usured minute ha a bank is by the elc mying l. On enter and pro Henry F. The fig quires a hour through & Co. Charles is eleg we are —not Charles depth In "th explic archite we fan langua clearn gauge charter either "It of the somev munim ment, in the ing to cienc! mone huma Has dish such tunan in the love pror view frau that aga not styl inte Fra but

With this general admiration for the public Bank, there is a slight (let us be just—a very slight) bias against the private one. We cannot help thinking that when Mr. Francis, speaking of Fauntleroy, says that the public “evinced a most misplaced sympathy at the idea of hanging a banker,” he would have started with horror at the idea of a bank director undergoing such a fate. We do not exactly suppose that he would have described the little transaction which had led to such a result as “in all probability” arising out of “some financial operation” perverted by the judge and jury because it was “beyond their comprehension:”—still, we are not quite sure. The bias of biography, whether of men or of corporations, is wonderful. We cannot forget what a martyr the historian of Merchant Tailors’ School has made of Titus Oates, who was educated there.

Mr. Francis is an admirer of the style of T. B. Macaulay:—and so again are we. But he imitates it—and imitates it badly. The opening passage, for instance, of the *dénouement* in Fauntleroy’s case, is too ambitious by half.—

“In September, 1824, Plank, the Bow Street officer, might be seen proceeding in the direction of the banking house of Marsh, Stracey, and Co. A person, who accompanied him, entered first, and requesting an interview with Mr. Fauntleroy, was ushered into his private counting-house. Within a minute he was followed by Plank. The interior of a bank is nearly sacred; but the officer pushed boldly by the clerk, who would have interrupted him, merely saying he wished to speak with Mr. Fauntleroy. On entering, he closed the door, announced his name, and produced a warrant for the apprehension of Henry Fauntleroy on a charge of forgery.”

The figure of description here chosen requires a distinct announcement of the day and hour. Poor Plank should not have been left through all September on his way to Marsh & Co. Then, when we read of “Mr., now Sir Charles, Wood, in a speech which charmed by its elegance, while it delighted by its depth,” we are more amused than the author intended—not merely by the bathos of “now Sir Charles,” but by the notion of the *delights* of depth as opposed to the charms of elegance. In “the English language could scarcely be more explicit than the passage by which the great architect of the Bank Charter has been judged,” we fancy we detect something like jumble: a language (semi-personified) contending for clearness with a passage written in that language—by which to judge the architect of a charter! We do not like the following, as to either style or matter:—

“It is now the province of the writer to relate one of those occurrences which occasionally interest the somewhat uneventful hours of a commercial community. The union of rank, talent, and accomplishment, with fraud, dishonour, and dishonesty, forms, in the present instance, a relation sufficiently interesting to pass an hour by the winter fire-side, and sufficiently striking to demand the attention of the monetary man, and the notice of the observer of human nature.”

Has the union of rank and fraud, talent and dishonour, accomplishment and dishonesty, such interest for the winter fire-side? Unfortunately, it has; and Mr. Francis has evidently, in the course of his undertaking, picked up the love of narrating such things. Indeed, we may pronounce that his book gives a much clearer view and better history of the modes of defrauding the Bank than of the operations of that great institution—for which, we allow again, it is all the more amusing. We should not have been so particular in our notice of the style if it were not that the work is evidently intended to have a style. In our opinion, Mr. Francis had the elements of a good narrator; but there is in this book what we believe to be

an adopted manner—throughout the first volume at least.

Mr. Francis goes back, in his narrative, to the time when the Jews were the only bankers, and when kings and barons drew upon them at pleasure—or, if the drafts were not duly honoured, upon their teeth. He gives a slight sketch of the happy state of our monetary system down to the time when the Bank of England was founded in 1694. Those halcyon days in which bad money was detected by the coiners forgetting, at first, to clip and file it into resemblance to the good money—not the only instance in which rascals have been detected by being more honest upon particular points than honest men—are touched with effect enough to make pictorially clear what we all know—namely, that the foundation of the Bank soon put the monetary relations of king and people on a much better footing than they had ever before been.

In the time of the South Sea speculation, it appears, the “wisdom of our ancestors” was of a kind which has been very faithfully reflected to-day.—

“Schemes were proposed which would have been extravagant in 1825, and which stamped the minds of those who entertained them with what may be truly termed a commercial lunacy. One was for the ‘discovery of perpetual motion.’ Another for subscribing two millions and a half to ‘a promising design hereafter to be promulgated.’ A third was a ‘Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is; every subscriber who deposits 2*l.* per share, to be entitled to 100*l.* per annum.’ Even this insolent attempt on the credulity of the nation succeeded; and when the arch-roguery opened his shop, the house was beset with applicants. In five hours 2,000*l.* were deposited in the hands of the projector, and from that day he ceased to be heard of in England.”

And again.—

“The *London Journal* of 11th of June, says, ‘The hurry of our stock-jobbing bubble has been so great this week, that it has exceeded all that was ever known. There has been nothing but running about from one coffee-house to another, and from one tavern to another, to subscribe without examining what the proposals were. The general cry has been, ‘For G——’s sake let us but subscribe to something, we don’t care what it is!’”

The transition to highwaymen seems so natural, that it is well to attach it as a pendant to our quotations, as a help to the present use of the moral.—

“Amid these scenes of crime, that of robbing the mail was a favourite occupation, as it not only required, but also rewarded, boldness. These robberies grew to such a height by 1738, that the post-master made a representation to the Bank upon the subject; and the directors, in consequence, advertised an issue of bills, payable at seven days sight, ‘that in case of the mail being robbed, the proprietor may have time to give notice.’”

According to Mr. Francis, the first forger was instigated not by Mammon, but by Cupid.—

“To Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed, and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes, the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty; and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth.”

Mr. Francis tells the story of George Morland, the painter, when hiding for debt, being taken for a forger. We have, ourselves, heard a yet more curious story—and we believe it to be true. Many years ago, there was a strong suspicion that platinum was employed to give weight to bad sovereigns. The solicitor of the Mint communicated with one of the Russian

houses which imported platinum, and begged to know whether all their metal went into channels known to themselves to be respectable. They answered that there was an elderly gentleman, who never gave his name, who came to them at intervals and took away considerable quantities. The solicitor begged them to detain this individual, the next time he came, in casual conversation,—and give him notice. This was done: and when the solicitor arrived, he found, to his surprise, the merchant talking to his own friend Dr. Wollaston—who had come for his usual supply of platinum, to be made malleable by his own secret, now made known. Of course, the matter ended with a hearty laugh.

One of Mr. Francis’s literary devices is an affectation of the indefinite when his party feelings or prejudices are in question. “A man named Thomas Paine,” he says, “possessed a certain degree of unenviable notoriety.” A reader might really think that this was some other than the notorious Tom Paine. Again, mentioning a debate on cash payments, he observes: “The speaker was a Mr. Fuller; who said, ‘I don’t like this business at all. I think it is a humbug.’” Are not these words themselves enough to preserve Jack Fuller, so recently dead—and so completely himself as long as he lived—from being lost in a Mr. Fuller? At the end of his speech Jack says: “It grieves me to see so much labour and sweating about this bullion report. Why, sir, it won’t make a bit better appearance in the papers than that nonsensical dispute between you and me.” On which Mr. Francis remarks that this allusion was to a scene of indecorous altercation in which Jack, heated with wine, attempted to throw a chair at the Speaker. Powers that be!—an indecorous altercation between the Speaker and a member! By the way, we have always heard that Fuller got into custody for telling the Speaker that he would not be dictated to by a little man in a wig:—which is much more like Jack (who was a kind-hearted creature) than an attempt at deeds of violence.—Of Cobbett we find no mention at all in this work: an omission really unaccountable in a work professing to give a history of Currency theories. We presume Mr. Francis considers him too heterodox upon Bank politics to have particular notice:—but surely “a Mr. Cobbett” might have been alluded to!

The first volume of the work ends with the mania of 1825;—and the second begins with the panic. On the curious story of the box of one pound notes—not discovered by accident, Mr. Francis says, but remembered because it was believed by some that small change was really more wanted than gold—he has the following:—

“The delight with which these notes were received in the country, proved that the want of a secure small currency alone was felt. The knowledge that the provincial banks were constantly breaking—that the parent banks in London were stopping almost as frequently—the fear that universally prevailed with regard to those that were really solvent—brought in the country notes with that rapidity which produced the fearful failures of so many of the body. But that the holders only required to be safe, and that they considered the notes of the Corporation eminently so, is proved from the fact of the run suddenly stopping after their introduction. In Norwich, the Messrs. Gurney are said to have staid the plague by merely placing a thick pile of one pound notes of the Bank of England on the counter. ‘They worked wonders,’ said Mr. Harman,—‘as far as my judgment goes, they saved the country.’ In most of the provinces they were received with acclamation. Within a week from their issue, the peril and the panic had passed away, and the monied interest had time to look around and count the terrible cost of the yet more terrible dangers to which they had been exposed.”



Of the employment of bank notes as a circulating medium in a novel sense Mr. Francis furnishes a curious instance.—

"The uses of Bank notes are manifold; but the following is a novel mode of rendering them serviceable. One of these for 5*l.* came in the course of business to a mercantile house in Liverpool. On the back of it was written: 'If this note gets into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, his brother Andrew is a prisoner in Algiers.' The circumstance was interesting, and appeared in a newspaper, in which the paragraph was perused by a person in Carlisle, who had known in past years one Andrew Dean, and was still acquainted with his brother John Dean of the place named in the note. The son of the latter happened to be in Carlisle, and hearing the intelligence, gave such a report of his uncle that there was every reason to believe he was the Andrew Dean whose captivity became thus singularly known to his friends in England."

By this time, the volumes have brought us into well-known times:—and what is new to us refers mostly to internal arrangements. We subjoin the account of the first working of Mr. W. R. Snée's plan for remodelling the way of keeping accounts in the issue department.—

"On the day of its commencement, one hundred and twenty clerks were employed. From the novelty of the various operations, the balance, the great proof of success, was not arrived at till near eight o'clock. On the second day of its trial, the same result was arrived at by five o'clock. On the third it was tried by three o'clock, but without the same success, being 5*l.* deficient. Every plan that could be imagined was tried to discover the supposed error. For seven hours were the clerks of the department employed in examining and re-examining the books. For seven hours were they detained investigating and re-investigating the notes, of which the books were a copy; and it was curious to witness a young man of three-and-twenty, with unchangeable confidence in the soundness of his system, directing, or attempting, all those experiments which a perfect knowledge of the accounts suggested as most likely to discover the presumed error. At ten o'clock the search was given up; and the ruin of the new system seemed complete. The information spread rapidly that the office had separated without a balance; and it could have been no pleasant task to Mr. Snée to meet the governor on the following morning with the news. The confidence of the latter was, however, complete; the plan went on; a mode of detection was adopted; and it is to be presumed that the dread of discovery produced the note, as the balance, a few days afterwards, was 5*l.* over, and the very note which had been proved to be missing was found to have been returned."

The Exchequer bill forgeries, the Burgess and Barber cases, the railway mania, &c., afford Mr. Francis good opportunities of narration—in which he improves as he proceeds. The story of the Will Forgery, in particular, is well told. We take leave of the work, finding that we may say we have "passed it on as directed." It was meant rather to amuse than to give a history of the Currency and its officials;—and we have treated it accordingly.

*Practical Remarks on Near Sight, Aged Sight, and Impaired Vision.* By W. W. Cooper. Churchill.

THIS little work is on a subject which has been too much neglected by physiologists. Persons with near sight or aged sight are too often obliged to submit themselves to empirical treatment, and to the management of those who know little or nothing of the physiology of the organ which they treat or of the causes of the defect which they profess to cure. Mr. Cooper's volume will supply to every educated surgeon the first principles on which the imperfections of vision above mentioned can be properly treated. The nature of light, the physiology of vision, the symptoms of disordered vision, and the construction of glasses for the relief of near and aged sight, are the principal topics

discussed. There is one practical observation made by Mr. Cooper which cannot be too generally known—that where spectacles are worn for near sight there is seldom any necessity for increasing the depth of the glass; whereas those who use one glass are obliged repeatedly to change their concave glasses for higher powers. The following remarks may be found useful to so large a class of our readers that we are induced to extract them:—

"The desire to conceal from the world any imperfection which wounds our self-love, is inherent in the human heart, and leads to all sorts of artifices on the part of those who, by natural conformation, advancing years, or other causes, suffer from imperfection in their vision. Thus it is, that some persons prefer to use an eye-glass, others reading glasses, in lieu of spectacles. Reading glasses, however, are objectionable from their not being firmly fixed in front of the eyes. The motion of the head not being in accordance with that of the hand which holds the glasses, has the effect of trying the eyes exceedingly in their constant and ineffectual endeavour to adjust themselves to the position of the glasses, inducing unnecessary fatigue to the eyes, and rendering necessary an earlier resort to glasses of a higher power than would have been required had proper spectacles been adopted from the commencement. But a single eye-glass is more injurious still; and many young men, who, from shortness of sight, or a singular vanity, have thought proper to use a quizzing glass (as it is termed) have had reason to regret it to the end of their lives. I am acquainted with a gentleman, the sight of whose right eye has been seriously impaired, from his having, in early life, constantly used one of these eye-glasses, and numerous other instances have come to my knowledge. The consequences to perfect vision are serious, for as one eye is made to do more work than the other, an alteration in their relative strength takes place; the result is, that sooner or later, when the person resorts to spectacles, he finds that the lens which suits one eye will not at all suffice for the other. Watchmakers and other artists, who work with a magnifier, are very subject to this imperfection of vision, and generally find that they see better with one eye than the other. If, instead of always applying the magnifying glass to one eye, they were to use the other eye in turn, a habit which might be easily acquired in early life, although with difficulty afterwards, they would preserve the power of their eyes more equally, and the perfection of vision longer; for, by using the eyes alternately, rest, and an opportunity of recovering from the fatigue produced by the exertion of looking through the magnifier, would be afforded to each. In like manner, those who indulge in microscopical or astronomical pursuits should learn to use either eye indifferently, instead of always trusting to one, although we almost instinctively apply the right eye to a telescope or microscope. An eminent optician informed me that, from constantly looking through microscopes, &c. with his right eye, the focus of that eye has been rendered so much longer than that of the left, that whilst the left eye is suited by a glass that is perfectly plane, the right requires a lens of 36 inches focal length."

Writing on defective vision, the mind naturally reverts to Milton. Mr. Cooper refers to his case, and translates the poet's letter on the subject of his blindness to Leonard Philaras the Athenian. As it is very characteristic, and may be new to some of our readers, we insert it.—

*To Leonard Philaras the Athenian.*

"I have always been devotedly attached to the literature of Greece, and particularly to that of your Athens; and have never ceased to cherish the persuasion, that that city would one day make me ample recompense for the warmth of my regard. The ancient genius of your renowned country has favoured the completion of my prophecy, in presenting me with your friendship and esteem. Though I was known to you only by my writings, and we were removed to such a distance from each other, you most courteously addressed me by letter; and when you unexpectedly came to London, and saw me, who could no longer see, my affliction, which causes none

to regard me with greater admiration, and perhaps many even with feelings of contempt, excited your tenderest sympathy and concern. You would not suffer me to abandon the hope of recovering my sight, and informed me that you had an intimate friend at Paris, Dr. Thevenot, who was particularly celebrated in disorders of the eyes, whom you would consult about mine, if I would enable you to lay before him the causes and symptoms of the complaint. I will do what you desire, lest I should seem to reject that aid which perhaps may be offered me by Heaven. It is now, I think, about ten years since I perceived my vision to grow weak and dull; and at the same time I was troubled with pain in my kidneys and bowels, accompanied with flatulency. In the morning, if I began to read, as was my custom, my eyes instantly ached intensely, but were refreshed after a little corporeal exercise. The candle which I looked at, seemed, as it were, encircled with a rainbow. Not long after, the sight in the left part of the left eye (which I lost some years before the other) became quite obscured, and prevented me from discerning any object on that side. The sight in my other eye has now been gradually and sensibly vanishing away for about three years; some months before it had entirely perished, though I stood motionless, everything which I looked at seemed in motion to and fro. A stiff cloudy vapour seemed to have settled on my forehead and temples, which usually occasions a sort of somnolent pressure upon my eyes, and particularly from dinner till the evening; so that I often recollect what is said of the poet Phineas, in the Argonautics:—

A stupor deep his cloudy temples bound,  
And when he walked he seemed as whirling round,  
Or in a feeble trance he speechless lay.

I ought not to omit that, while I had my sight left, as soon as I lay down on my bed, and turned on either side, a flood of light used to gush from my closed eyelids. Then, as my sight became daily more impaired, the colours became more faint, and were emitted with a certain inward crackling sound; but at present, every species of illumination being, as it were, extinguished, there is diffused around me nothing but darkness, or darkness mingled and streaked with an ashy brown; yet the darkness in which I am perpetually immersed, seems always, both by night and day, to approach nearer to white than black; and when the eye is rolling in its socket, it admits a little particle of light, as through a chink; and though your physician may kindle a small ray of hope, yet I make up my mind to the malady as quite incurable; and I often reflect, that as the wise man admonishes, days of darkness are destined for both of us. The darkness which I experience, less oppressive than that of the tomb, is, owing to the singular goodness of the Deity, passed amid the pursuits of literature and the cheering salutations of friendship. But if, as is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, why may not any one acquiesce in the privation of his sight, when God has so amply furnished his mind and his conscience with eyes? While he so tenderly provides for me, while he so graciously leads me by the hand, and conducts me on the way, I will, since it is his pleasure, rather rejoice than repine at being blind. And my dear Philaras, whatever may be the event, I wish you adieu with no less courage and composure than if I had the eyes of a lynx."

Mr. Cooper's volume may be read with advantage by persons who are not engaged in the medical profession; and his hints may be the means of preserving many a valuable sight.

*The Greatest Plague of Life; or, The Adventures of a Lady in search of a Good Servant.* By One who has been "almost worried to death." Edited by the Brothers Mayhew. Bogue.

THE relations between the Mistress and the Servant are perhaps among the most undefined things in modern English society; and their settlement is an important social question which must one day be answered. The Brothers Mayhew, ironical and sarcastic, bitter and extravagant, yet always writing with a moral



purpose, have produced rather a one-sided book upon the subject. In their wish to demonstrate that "good mistresses make good servants," they have exclusively shown the mistress in the wrong as between the parties. In a word, they have dealt with an idea rather than a fact; and unfolded it through a variety of humorous evolutions whose combination could not have happened in one individual experience, though most of them may have happened individually in separate households. Some, however, are purely fantastic—or such as would have occurred to none: and the fault of the whole is that the materials of a smart and significant essay are worn out by the extension to six numbers, and invention is tortured to supply their exhaustion. It is almost a necessity of the subject that the book should be seemingly vulgar; but there is an occasional vulgarity beyond what the subject demanded—and which must be charged to the artist and his art. Its pages are, however, rich in the materials for laughter; and in selecting specimens choice is perplexed. It is the more so because the vulgarity is more apparent in the individual instance than in the whole—the moral being in such case only proportionately brought out.

The heroine, Mrs. Sk—n—st—n, tells her own story. The second wife of an attorney, she commences housekeeping at a cottage ornée, near the Regent's Park, with one servant—gradually expands her establishment to eight—ends with having none. All the sins personified which beset the genus *Servant* fall to the share of her experience. Her first adventure is with a drunkard—then follows a fraudulent charwoman—and next comes an Irish girl, a good hardworking creature, who, being misunderstood by her mistress, is soon discarded for a pretty maid and her red-coat follower from the Albany Street barracks. We will give a sample of the broad "bothering" humour of Norah Connor, the Irish maiden.—

"But though Norah Connor went on very well just at first, still, after a time, she got so frightfully familiar and presuming, that really the woman used to speak to me as if I was her equal; nor could I for the life of me get her to pay me the respect that I felt was due to me. Now, for instance, I remember, one morning, about two months before little Annie was born, I rang the parlour bell, and when the woman came into the room, I said, in a quiet voice, 'I want a glass of water to drink, Norah.'—'You want to drink a glass of water?' she replied. 'Well, I've no objection. Drink away, darlin'!'—'Then,' I continued, blandly, 'I should feel obliged if you would be so good as to let me have one directly.'—'Let you have one?' she exclaimed. 'Faith, an' didn't I give you permission just now?' This was just all bearing; but I restrained myself, and merely said, with becoming dignity, 'I didn't have you up stairs, Norah, to know whether you would permit me to drink a glass of water in my own house, or not.' To which she replied, as familiarly as if she were speaking to the servant next door, 'Well, by my soul, when I heard you ask me if I'd let you have that same, I thought you mighty stupid at the time. An' what is it you do want, then, mavourneen?'—

'Why, I returned, in measured terms, remembering my station, 'I want what I told you before, as plainly as a person could speak—a glass of water.'—'Well then,' she cried, 'by the powers! if I were you, I'd get it! Isn't there plenty down stairs, honey?'—'But,' I continued, calmly, 'perhaps you will be kind enough, Norah, to bring me a glass up here.'—'Och! she exclaimed, 'so, an' its only a glass you're wantin' me to fetch you, after all! A glass wid nothin' in it, is it you mane?'—'No,' I replied, almost losing my temper, 'A glass of water, woman, and not a glass without anything in it! Do you understand me now?'—'Out an' out,' she cried, with a nasty low wink. 'You'd be havin' a glass of water wid somethin' in it! Oh, go along wid you—wantin' a drop on the sly, now! You're takin' to the bottle, though, betimes this mornin', I'm

thinkin'.' I'm sure my fair readers can easily imagine that this threw me into such a passion that it quite made my blood boil. I told the fury to hold her tongue, and never dare to open her mouth about such things again. But the impudent hussey only made me worse, for she kept declaring, 'mum was the word with Norah,' and saying, 'that I needn't go flurrin' mysilf about her findin' out my sly thricks,' and telling me to be 'asy, for that the masher should never hear of it from herself.' So that at last, I declare, I was positively obliged to run up stairs into my own bed-room, in order to get rid of the creature. There I threw myself on the sofa, in the most dreadful state of mind, I think, I ever was in all my life; and, torn with all kinds of horrid ideas, I said to myself, 'Norah washes very well, it is true—but alas! what washing can compensate me for this! What vexed me, though, even more than Norah, was, that when I went to tell my husband, on his return from business that evening, about how the woman had insulted me, he wouldn't hear a word of it, and said, like a wretch, he was sick and tired of my complaints against the maids, and he never set foot in the house but I had always got some long rignarole tale about the servant's bad conduct; adding that it was impossible they should be invariably in the wrong; and he firmly believed it was quite as much, if not more, my fault than theirs. And he even had the impudence to declare, (I thought it best to let him have his own way for once, and go on till he was tired,) that he had quite worry and bother enough of his own at office, and that when he came home, fagged and worn out, to his own fireside, he was determined at least to enjoy peace and quiet at his hearth; and then he asked what on earth I thought he had married me for, (as if I was going to tell him); when the cruel wretch said—it was only to have a happy home! I told him that it was a nice insult to my own face, indeed, and that he seemed determined to find fault with everything that day, as nothing, however good it was, would please him; whereupon Mr. Sk—n—st—n went on, I'm sure, without knowing what he said, for he declared that I was a millstone round his neck, and the torment of his life; adding, that he begged me once for all to understand, that he would not be pestered every day with my bickerings with the servants; and he had made up his mind that if ever I opened my mouth to him again on the subject, that he would put on his hat that very moment and go and spend his evening at some tavern, where at least he could enjoy himself. Besides, he told me, he could see that Norah was worth her weight in gold to any person who knew how to humour her; for the house had never been so clean ever since we had been married; and the way in which the girl dressed a potato made her so invaluable in his eyes, that he wasn't going, he could tell me, to have her driven out of the house by me. So that anybody might have seen, like myself, with half an eye, that my gentleman didn't care so much about 'his own fireside' after all, and instead of 'his hearth,' indeed, being uppermost in his mind, that really and truly his stomach was at the bottom of it."

The pretty servant-maid who succeeds brings with her, of course, that housekeepers' terror, the nuisance of a host of "followers": and one class of these kitchen depredators is thus comically held out by Mrs. Sk—n—st—n (as, with the affected and ineffectual mystery of the gossiping memoir, she writes herself) to the public indignation.—

"And here let me pause for a minute to remark upon the shameful nuisance that those barracks in Albany Street are to all persons living in that otherwise quiet and pretty neighbourhood—for I'm sure there's not a person whose house is within half-a-mile of the dreadful place that isn't wherried out of their lives by them. Upon my word, the Life Guardsmen there are so frightfully handsome, that they ought not to be allowed by Government to wander at large in those fascinating red jackets, and with those large jet black mustachios of theirs, sticking out on each side of their face, just like two sticks of Spanish liquorice—nor be permitted to go about as they do, breaking, or at least cracking, the hearts of all the poor servant-girls in the neighbour-

hood, as if they were so much crockery. And what on earth the hearts of the good-looking wretches themselves can be made of is more than I can say; for either they must be as impenetrable to Cupid's arrows as bags of sand, or I'm sure else they must be as full of holes as a rushlight-shade. I don't know what the regiment may cost the nation every year, (but of course it's no trifling sum, and what they do for it except make love to the maids, I can't see)—but this I do know for a positive fact, that the expense the Life Guardsmen are to the respectable inhabitants of Albany Street and its neighbourhood is actually frightful; for they seem to be of opinion that love cannot live on air, and consequently always begin by paying their addresses to the cooks, and if the larder be good, I will do them the justice to say, that their constancy is wonderful; and really the sum they cost poor Albany Street and its surrounding districts in the matter of cold meat alone is really so dreadful, that I really do think if a petition were got up, and the case properly represented to Government, the Paymaster of the Forces could not refuse to make them a large allowance every year for the excellent rations served out to the soldiers every day by the maids. Really the amiable fellows' appetites seem to be as large as their hearts—and they are as big as the Waterloo omnibuses, Heaven knows, and will carry fourteen inside with perfect ease and comfort any day. Talk about locusts in the land—I'd back a regiment of Life Guardsmen for eating a respectable district out of house and home in half the time, for positively the fine-looking vagabonds seem to have nothing else to do but to walk about Albany Street, looking down every area like so many dealers in hare and rabbit skins, crying out—'Any affection or cold meat this morning, cook?' I don't know if any of my courteous readers have ever been in Albany Street when the bugle is sounded for the fellows to return to their barracks, but upon my word the scene is really heart-breaking to housekeepers, for there isn't an area down the whole street but from which you will see a Life Guardsman, with his mouth full, ascending the steps, and hurrying off to his quarters for the night. Anybody will agree with me that one Don Giovanni is quite enough to turn the fair heads of a whole parish; but upon my word, when a whole regiment of them are suddenly let loose upon one particular locality, the havoc among the hearts is positively frightful; and there isn't a man in the Life Guards, I know, (unless he's afflicted with red mustachios) that isn't a regular six foot two Lothario. Besides, Mrs. Lockley, the wife of one of Edward's best clients, assures me that there was one fascinating monster of a Life Guardsman who, the day after his regiment was quartered in Albany Street Barracks, began bestowing his affection on the cook at the bottom of the street, near Trinity Church, and loved all up the right-hand side of the way, and then commenced loving down the left; and she says, she verily believes the amiable villain would have got right to the bottom of the street again, had he not been stopped by the Colosseum—so that the wretch was actually obliged to remain constant to the cook who lived at the house next to it for upwards of a month, at an expense of at least a guinea a-week to the master, and half-a-crown to the cook, for tobacco, for the gallant servant-killer."

Another specimen—and we must conclude. It is one of a different character. The lady having applied to a Servants' Institution for a nursery-maid, and to a nursery gardener for plants, mistakes the latter person for the clerk to the former; and accordingly misinterprets the man's talk about his flowers in a manner exceedingly grotesque.—

"When the man came in, I said to him, very naturally, 'My man-servant tells me that you have brought with you a few of the names of such as you think will suit me. They have all been in the nursery a long time, I believe; and what kind of places have they been accustomed to?'—'Oh, a very nice place,' he replied; 'about the same as yours might be, mum. They had a warmish bed, and have always been accustomed to be out in the open air.'—'Yes, I should want them to be out in the open air a great deal, I answered, though at the time I could't help fancying that it was very funny that the man should

allude in particular to their warm beds. 'Now I should like you to recommend me one,' I continued, 'that's healthy and strong, and likely to remain with me for some time, for it is so distressing to have to provide yourself with a new one every year.' 'So it is, mum,' he returned. 'I think I know the very one you want, mum. It's a remarkable fine colour, mum.' 'That certainly is a recommendation. I like them to look healthy,' I replied, thinking, of course, that the man was only talking about a nursery maid, and not of some trumpy rose he had got at home. 'It's a very dark coloured one, mum; indeed, very nearly a black,' he answered; 'and of a summer's evening smells wonderful, I can assure you, mum.' 'Lord a mercy!' I cried out, believing the man wanted to recommend me a negress. 'Oh la! all the blacks do, and I wouldn't have one of them about my house for all I'm worth.' 'Then may be, mum,' he continued, 'you'd like one a trifle gayer. Now, there's a Madame Pompadour we've got that I think would suit you. That's a remarkable showy one, to be sure, and likes a good deal of raking.' 'Oh, I see,' I replied; 'a French bit of goods. No, thank you; they are all of them a great deal too gay by half to please me.' 'Well, mum, if that won't suit you,' he replied, 'what would you think of a nice Chinese? We've got a perfect beauty, I can assure you—just the very thing for you, mum—climb up anywhere—run all along the area-railings, mum—crawl right over your back-garden door—then up the house into your drawing-room balcony—almost like a wild one, mum.' 'Like a wild one?' I almost shrieked, horror-struck at the idea of intrusting my sweet, little, helpless angel of a Kate to the care of a creature with any such extraordinary propensities. 'Too like a wild one for me. I don't want any such things about my house.' 'But if you object to their running about so much, mum,' he went on, 'its very easy to tie them up and give them a good trimming occasionally, and then you can keep them under as much as you please.' 'I don't want one,' I replied, 'that will require so much looking after, but one that you know could be trusted anywhere—especially as there will be a little baby to be taken care of.' 'A little baby! Oh! then, if that's the case, mum,' he had the impudence to say, 'I should think you had better have a monthly one while you are about it.' 'A monthly one!' I exclaimed, thinking he was referring to a second Mrs. Toosey, instead of a rose: 'what can you be thinking of? I tell you I don't want anything of the kind.' 'Yes, but I am sure you don't know how hardy they are, mum,' he added, quite coolly. 'I can give you my word, we've got one that's out now, mum, that went through all the severe frosts of last winter with nothing more than a bit of matting as a covering at night-time. Though, for the matter of that, almost all our monthlies are the same, and don't seem to care where they are put, for really and truly I do think that they would go on just as well, mum, even if their beds were chock full of gravel.' 'I tell you I don't want anything of the kind,' I said, half-offended at what (thanks to that blundering Mr. Dick Farden) I thought very like the man's impudence. 'I hope no offence, mum,' he replied; 'but you see I must run over what we've got. Now, there's the polianthus. I'm sure you couldn't have anything much nicer or quieter than that, mum.' 'Polly who?' I inquired. 'Anthus, mum,' he replied. 'Well, what's that one like?' I asked. 'Oh! the sort is common enough, mum,' he continued; 'not very tall, and rather delicate, and will generally have five or six flowers in a cluster at the head—wants a glass, though, if the weather sets in very cold, mum—and—' 'There, that's enough,' I interrupted, 'I'm sick and tired of those common kind of things—they wouldn't have a glass here, I can tell them.' 'Maybe, then, mum,' he went on, 'as it don't seem as we can suit you with any of those I've mentioned, perhaps you don't want such a thing as an old man.' 'Old man!' I cried. 'No, what on earth should I ever do with any old man here, I should like to know?' of course little dreaming that he was alluding all the while to the plant of that name. 'Oh! I beg your pardon, mum,' he replied; 'but I thought yours was just the place for a very fine and remarkably handsome one that we've got, and it struck me that you might have a spare bed that you would like to fill, especially as it would be little or no extra expense for you.' 'No, no, no! I

answered; 'I tell you once for all, I've no room for any old man here; and, besides, if I had, a nice thing it would be to have him dying directly the cold-weather set in.' 'Oh, bless you, mum,' he replied, 'a good healthy old man will never die, and look quite lively all the winter through. However, mum, perhaps you'd be kind enough to step round some day to our place, and then we could show you what we've got, and you could choose for yourself, mum.' 'Yes,' I answered; 'perhaps that would be best, and then I can please myself.'

The work abounds in humour of this description—overlying something that is better than the humour—but generally coarse in the expression of its meanings. Under the coarseness of the forms, the meanings themselves are often fine enough. The malapropisms, verbal and intellectual, of Mrs. Sk—n—st—n are full of raciness and character; and the details are rich in invention and clever caricature. The latter is helped by twelve admirable illustrations from the pencil of George Cruikshank.

*Italian Novelists, Ancient and Modern*—[*Novellieri Italiani, &c.*] Edited by Giuseppe Zirardini. Paris, Baudry.

We suspend for awhile the survey of M. Baudry's Spanish Novelists, to notice the specimens of Italian fiction recently issued from the same press, and belonging to a series intended to contain within a moderate compass a compendium of Tuscan literature, under the general title of *Biblioteca scelta degli Scrittori Classici Italiani*. The entire undertaking, which is now pretty far advanced, will comprise the best productions of the best authors in poetry, prose, and the drama. The book now before us, containing a whole select library of the Novelists, is an enormous tome, divided into two parts of about 600 pages each;—forming Volumes XV. and XVI. of the series.

As regards the plan of this publication, it may be observed that the object it is meant to accomplish is by no means so great a desideratum as was that of M. Baudry's Spanish Library. The number of good and accessible editions of the best Italian authors is considerable: there is, indeed, no scarcity of Italian books of any class,—a few only excepted, that belong exclusively to the studies of the curious or to the shelves of the collector. The cheapness of the present series, therefore, must be its chief recommendation: and this will probably ensure its success with such readers as may not desire a very exact acquaintance with Italian writers. Those who intend to examine them carefully, or to make them familiar companions, will continue to peruse their works in more complete and special editions, of which there is an abundant choice. The great size of M. Baudry's volumes, also, rather unfits them for ready use: the printing, although well executed in Craplet's best type, will be found somewhat too close and small for many eyes; and the very laws of the work, which require the utmost economy in prefaces and explanation, and much trimming and paring of the authors introduced, will be an objection to the literary student, especially of the older writers, few of whom can now be satisfactorily read without prolegomena and notes.

This we have felt on turning over the pages of the bulky tome before us; rich as it is in the most excellent matter, chosen, too, as far as we are able to judge, with sufficient knowledge of the subjects and on right principles of taste. The quantity of the pieces claiming by their merit a place in the collection has left no room for anything but the mere text of the originals; and even this has been stripped of some characteristic ornaments, as we shall presently notice. All that a reader may require to know concerning the authors here presented to him, of the dates of their appearance, of any notable cir-

cumstances belonging to their works, of the part which the extracts given may form of such works—all, in short, that it is usually the editor's office to mention or explain,—he must either bring with him to the understanding of this edition, or must afterwards collect by new researches elsewhere. All that Signor Zirardini has contributed to this volume, beyond the selection and arrangement of its contents, is a short preface,—in which, of course, no details can be expected concerning the numerous authors and the various works of which the Library has been composed. He has brought together, and placed within reach, a vast heap of treasure; but from its being crowded into too narrow a space, it has been, we suppose, found impossible to admit the illustrative lights which must be desired by all who would examine it attentively and fully appreciate its value.

Another consequence of the same cause will be still less satisfactory to many admirers of Italian literature. The stories in most of the originals are imbedded in rich settings, that connect and embellish them, make the several glittering pieces cohere into something like a whole, and often throw a personal charm over our curiosity, as, for instance, in our introduction to that gay and noble company in the Decamerone. They are here laid naked before us as so many separate objects, mere unthreaded pearls, without a trace of the author's device that had so prettily strung them together. In many of the collections from which these novels are taken the encompassing narrative may, indeed, have no great value; the general idea, once invented by the genius of Boccaccio, will often seem trite in his imitators, and their mode of applying it monotonous and trivial, with few of those exquisite voluptuous graces of description and sweet carols of poetry which render Boccaccio's ten days' festival a little Epicurean paradise. But even where the device is the barest and driest, we cannot well afford to miss it. It belongs to the style; and to give us the *novella* without the arabesques in which it has pleased the author to frame it, is, to some degree, to deflower the entire work, to change its character at once, and to take more from each remaining beauty of the whole, thus impaired, than prosaic minds—which have no business with such matters at all—may conceive. To no production, indeed, of any genuine worth can this rude handling be allowed by a pure taste. As the author created it, so should it be presented to the reader, to embrace or reject, as the whole composition may deserve. The exhibition of fragments and *disiecta membra* of any body that ever had a spark of life in its completeness must always be a display more or less ungenial:—this, indeed, is our standing quarrel with all anthologies and extracts whatever from first-rate authors. But if we cannot well miss the connecting narrative of Straparola, or the recurring converse of Grazzini's Supper, nor would even spare the dry forms of the convent parlour colloquies in *Il Pecorone*, how can we forgive an editor who has ventured to hide from us all the dainty courtesies and fresh open-air life in the garden of the Decamerone? Signor Zirardini has done even worse than this. The noble introduction so well known as one of the master-pieces of Italian prose, with its highly wrought picture of the plague in Florence,—a passage that some have preferred to the severer sketch by Thyridides of a similar calamity;—even this will be lost to those who make a first acquaintance with Boccaccio under his guidance. This we deem a very serious fault. In a work like the present, to give all the tales of every writer, of any writer indeed, might not be desirable;—but to cast away all the ornaments given by the author to those parts which it does preserve;



above all, to exhibit an author like Boccaccio, whom of what is perhaps one of his greatest attractions, must be denounced as a very prosaic proceeding. The stories thus presented wear a totally different air in the eyes of those who have known them in their natural state. They formed a part, a main one indeed, but still only a part, of a peculiar and very rich whole. They were the materials of a gay palace of entertainment, a paradise of dainty devices, which, with other splendid elements, had been skilfully compacted into one luxurious structure, inviting all who saw it to come in and take their pastime. Here they lie as so many unconnected bits of stories, brought together one knows not why or how; ranged in mere order of succession, like specimens in a museum:—each glittering, indeed, with some beauty of its own, but wearing a certain air of deadness from the arrangement, and awakening none of those pleasurable ideas which result from their festive combination, independently of any delight in the ingenuity, pathos or strangeness of the tales themselves.

The reader therefore will not learn to know thoroughly the Italian novelists, for he cannot see them as they really were, in this collection. Fortunately for him in their better works the intrinsic qualities are so engaging, that with these alone he may pass his first hours in their company pleasantly enough; although under some disadvantages, which must be plainly stated.

Before coming to these, it will be proper to say something of the special contents of the volume. The critic might well be appalled by the task of describing for the first time, within the space of a few columns, such a gallant company of authors as is here arrayed; by being called upon to offer even the slightest sketch of a procession of some fifty writers, none of them devoid of merit, mere extracts from whose works here fill more than 1,200 closely-printed pages. In the present case no such hopeless attempt need be made. The Italian novelists are, in general, no strangers in any part of cultivated Europe; the currency of their best works has been universal, the study of their language has been, from an early date, and still continues to be, regarded as a necessary part of all elegant education. Their chief names, general character, and most conspicuous merits, can neither require to be proclaimed now, nor admit of much that is new in the way of remark. They have not merely an established place in the closet, an admitted reputation in the stores of literature, in essays and lectures on the *belles lettres*—not only has the chief of their band, the unrivalled Boccaccio, risen to an undisputed seat amongst those authors who belong to the intellectual hierarchy of all Europe;—but they are also indirectly bound up with the rest of its literature by a hundred threads, and may be traced through it in countless influences. As the earliest leaders of modern culture, the Italians not only engrossed the admiration due to their quick wits and engaging manner, but they had also the irresistible advantage of being in many respects the teachers of their ruder neighbours. This circumstance now somewhat impairs to a foreign reader the zest of all their chief works—the *Divina Commedia* only excepted—so much of what is found in them is already known from the imitations in our own or other literatures. We only come to the first patterns after a long acquaintance with various copies which have taken away the charm of novelty. This, it is hardly needful to observe, is especially the case with the novelists' best stories; more, even, than with the similes of Ariosto or the sentences of Machiavelli. Few have now to be told how Shakespeare borrowed his 'Merchant of Venice'

from *Il Pecorone*, 'Othello' and 'Measure for Measure' from the *Hecatommithi* of Cinthio; who also gave Beaumont and Fletcher the stories for the 'Laws of Candy' and 'The Custom of the Country,' and to Dryden his tragedy of 'Amboyna':—that Luigi da Porto was the first to record the loves of Romeo and Juliet; that Molière's *Ecole des Maris* is taken from Straparola's *8th Notte*, and the *Ecole des Femmes* from his *4th*:—or be reminded of what Chaucer owes to Boccaccio for the 'Clerk of Oxenford's Tale.' To this list we might add, that in the *Decamerone* will also be found the subject of Lessing's *Nathan*—indeed, space would fail us to record all the gifts of the Italian story-tellers which a moderate acquaintance with them and with other literatures will recall. Of a school of writers, so well known, so much frequented, so highly renowned, it would be superfluous to describe the characteristics anew. A few general remarks, at most, may be allowed on the general impression which their well-known features are apt to leave on calmer minds, when the immediate effect of their liveliness, grace and versatility has a little subsided.

The editor, while excluding from this publication everything but the stories themselves (with the trifling exception of some short proems) does not print any series of tales entire. The most celebrated names—Boccaccio, Bandello, Grazzini—are only honoured with a larger share of extracts than others of less note. So far as we have collated the selections with complete texts (several of which are now lying before us), the choice—admitting that any were to be left out at all—appears to have been well made, and on the only grounds which ought to prevail in such a discrimination:—the best of each author, in each kind, having been retained. The process has not been conducted on the principle of preparing books in *usum juventutis*; the editor in undertaking it having started from the only point which, in any edition claiming a literary value, must, we think, be taken for granted:—viz., that the genus, such as it really is, with all that belongs to it, is to be exhibited freely and openly; not shown in partial glimpses of its more sober and edifying properties only. It would be a mere piece of hypocrisy to set forth the Italian novelists as moral or exemplary writers. They are nothing that approaches this character; and there is no honest alternative between letting their true character appear—in the belief that its beauties and its blots, its graces and its vices, as they exist together, compose a genuine and admirable kind of production deserving literary notice,—between this course, we say, and that of condemning them to silence altogether. We shall not quarrel with those who object to their loose morality and condemn the seductive warmth of their colouring: it may be at once declared that none of the Italian novelists are such as delicate women can read, or youths should be invited to study. But they are far too important figures on the stage of literature to be thrust behind the curtain, unsuitable though they may be for indiscriminate exhibition, *virginibus puerisque*. Their undoubted beauties and gifts entitle them to a high place in any scheme of the *belles lettres*; and their very defects, as well as their excellences, throw an invaluable light on the progress of cultivation and the state of morals at a most interesting period. They must be preserved as treasures for the use and delectation of mature readers; and, if preserved, it must be in their very reality, not in the disguise of a decorum which does not belong to them, and with an air of modesty of which they had not the remotest idea. Signor Zirardini has chosen the best of every kind of novels which the best writers produced; and in so doing, although he

has not shown them at full length, as we could have desired, he has at least displayed them, without reserve, as they were, so far as he has shown them. The stricter class of readers have abundant reason to refrain altogether from the older Italian novelists; those who are not deterred by their known character from approaching them, must ever be content to view them as they lived and wrote, "for better and worse."

So rich is the abundance of names and works, that a long list would be required to give a summary of the authors contained in this volume. It begins with fifteen of the oldest, extracted from the '*Cento Novelle Antiche*,'\* (first published by Gualteruzzi in 1525), by anonymous authors. Boccaccio follows: of his novels fifty-two are printed. Of Sacchetti's three hundred we have forty-three; afterwards comes Ser Giovanni, of whom thirteen (a large proportion of the tales in the '*Pecorone*') are selected. This closes the list of the men of the 13th and 14th centuries. The numbers of names in the two following periods we need not count;—the most notable are Leonardo d'Arazzo, Pulci, Massuccio, Castiglione, Firenzuola, Alamanni, Parabosco, and Nelli, of all of which specimens are given,—some more, others fewer—together with several by authors unknown.

Part II. opens with twenty-four of Bandello's novels (first edition, 1554); these are followed by seven of Fortini's; we have fifteen only of the hundred of Cinthio, (whose '*Hecatommithi*,' popular as it seems to have been out of Italy, was excluded at home from the list of *Testi di Lingua*). Doni comes next, with four; and after him, Grazzini (*il Lasca*), the most voluptuous of Florentine story-tellers, furnishes nine; one of these, reprinted here, the last, is not to be found in either part of the *Cena*:—seven by Erizzo, and two of Salvucci's bring us to Straparola, from whose *Notti* only four are extracted. Bargagli closes, with a single specimen, the sixteenth century. Of the discredited seventeenth, there is only a single author allowed to appear, Magalotti. Several from the eighteenth are introduced; of whom Cioni (who gave his works out as written by one Giraldi in the fifteenth century), the two Gozzi's, Manfredi, Marsili, and Parini, are the most considerable. None of these can be strictly classed amongst the true school of the elder *Novellieri*:—and the literary interest of the collection, as chiefly resting on their works, may be said to close with Straparola. At the end of the volume there are half-a-dozen names of the present century—those of writers now living. These may, perhaps, be entitled to a separate notice hereafter. We do not include them in the following brief remarks, gathered from the true *Novella*, as it appears in those earlier writers, whose pieces are the chief merit and the principal substance of the volume.

We do not look in fiction for absolutely exact reports of manners or events. The exceeding *naïveté* of Boccaccio and his immediate followers when professing to relate contemporary facts, makes it seem probable that they were then merely telling real incidents and describing known characters with entire sincerity. But it may be admitted that, in the main, a colouring is given by the narrator; that sentiments are heightened, marvels substituted for commonplace events, and ordinary actions and motives greatly magnified or decorated. This varnish of fiction, however, be it more or less of a gloss over the naked truth, will always be so laid on as to agree with the prevailing tone of taste, imagination, or morals. The ideal of the author who seeks to please will never seriously differ

\* The dates and other bibliographical matters which we give will not be found in the present edition.





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ence, though literally it means to strike, beat, and is the same with our *poke*. In Dithmarsch, the brownie, or domestic fairy, is called *Nitsche Puk*." To this goodly list of words supposed to be connected with Puck, Mr. Keightley added "the Scottish *Puck*, and the Devonshire *Pixies*."

To these we may add, from Dalryell, the Scottish *Puck*, an ancient diminutive race—to whose extraordinary strength the origin of Linlithgow Palace is ascribed; and from Grimm, who looks upon Puck as connected with the Danish *Pog*, young; and so derived from the Finnish *Poica*, a son,—the Low German *Pook*, a little, under-sized person, and the North Friesian *Huspuke*. Grimm, moreover, recognizes the identity of the Irish *Pooka*, and the Welsh *Pwcca* or *Bwcca*, with Puck; and these names clearly establish the proposition, that Puck, as a designation of the Fairy race, comprises within itself distinct traces of Celtic as well as of Teutonic elements.

To the former of these classes, too, belongs, in all probability, the Cornish *Piskey*,—a name generally applied to the Fairies; but which is also, as we have been assured on most undoubted authority, a common appellation in the neighbourhood of Truro for Moths; which are there believed by some to be fairies, by others, departed souls. As a consequence of this latter belief, it is there thought that when moths are very numerous their appearance is an omen of a great mortality. The connection between this superstition and that article of the Folk-Lore of Greece which regarded the soul as a winged spirit is not more remarkable than the identity which appears to exist between the names of the Grecian *Πύριξ* and the *Piskey* of Cornwall.

The *Puckel*, an imp mentioned by Gifford, in his 'Dialogue concerning Witches and Witchcraft,' does this somewhat extensive list of names which resemble one of those that were so pleasing to Oberon's Messenger as always to propitiate his favour and secure his friendly offices.

Let us now consider the other epithet which sounded so sweetly in his ears,—namely, *Hobgoblin*. The latter portion of this compound epithet is, of course, derived from the Greek *κόβαλος*, and the Latin *Cobalus*, through the Middle Latin *Gobelinus* and the French *Gobelin*. Grimm remarks that the character of this domestic spirit resembles in many points that of the Jester; and he refers to the German *Narrenkolbe* as corresponding with the English *Hobgoblin*,—which he states to be the same as *Clowngoblin*. He afterwards refers to the practice of bestowing upon these spirits Christian names, in their diminutive forms, as a proof of the familiarity of intercourse which existed between mankind and this elfin race; and of which the English *Robin Goodfellow*, and the Danish *Nissen God dreng* furnish striking instances. Now *Hob*, although very generally used to signify a clown or countryman, as in the old poem quoted by Steevens, in one of his notes on Coriolanus,—

The country gnafts, Hob, Dick, and Hick,—

is also the familiar or diminutive form of Robert and Robin, so that *Hobgoblin* is equivalent to Robin the Goblin—i. e. Robin Goodfellow. This is borne out by the passage in the 'Nymphidia' in which, when describing Oberon's first encounter with trusty messenger, Drayton says—

He meeteth Puck, which most men call  
Hob-goblin, and on him doth fall  
With words from frenzy spoken,  
'Hob! Hob!' quoth Hob, "God save thy Grace!  
Who dressed thee in this piteous case?  
He thus that spoiled my sov'reign's face  
I would his neck were broken."

For in this case *Hob* is clearly used as a proper name.

1 'Fairy Mythology,' II., p. 118, note.

2 Dalryell's 'Darker Superstitions of Scotland,' p. 532. Dalryell notices, too, the *Pockies* of the Samagite, mentioned by Lactantius, 'De Dies Samagitarum,' p. 54.

3 'Deutsche Mythologie,' s. 468.

4 See p. 9 of the Percy Society's reprint of the Edition of 1600. "He showed him her in a glasse, and told him she had three or four imps, some call them *puckrels*," &c.

5 This Grimm does on the authority of Nares; who states, however, that *Hob* was also used as a substitute for *Hobgoblin*, and quotes as his authority Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Monsieur Thomas'—

From Elves, Hobs and Fairies  
That trouble our dairies,  
From Fire-drakes and Fiends,  
And such as the Devil sends,  
Defend us, good Heaven!

And with reference to the present point, it may be remarked, that the Will-o'-the-Wisp, which, as we have seen, is one of the forms commonly assumed by Puck, is called in Worcestershire by the several names of 'Hob-and-his-Lantern,' 'Hobany's Lantern,' and 'Hoberdy's Lantern.'†

In another of the epithets,—namely, that by which the Fairy addresses Puck in the first scene in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' in which the shrewd and knavish sprite makes his appearance,—

Thou Lob of Spirits!—

some of the commentators see, and very correctly, no doubt, an allusion to the "lubber fiend" spoken of by Milton. Dr. Johnson's observation that Lob, Lubber, Looby, Lubcock, all denote both inactivity of body and dulness of mind is in the present case altogether misplaced. For here the name *Lob* is doubtless a well-established fairy epithet: and the passage quoted by Steevens from Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Knights of the Burning Pestle' confirms this:—"There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, that had a giant to be her son, that was called *Lob-lye-by-the-Fire*." Grimm mentions a remarkable document, dated in the year 1462, in which Bishop Gebhard, of Halberstadt, complains of the reverence paid to a spirit called *den guten lubben*, the good *lubbe*, and to whom bones of animals were offered on a mountain near Schochwitz in the district of Mansfeld. "Not only," adds Grimm, "have piles of such bones been discovered on the *Lup-berge*, but at the neighbouring church of Müllersdorf there is an idol built into the wall which is traditionally said to have been brought there from the *Lupberge*, or *Lubbe mountain*." Presuming *Lob* to be, as we believe it is, a decided fairy epithet, it furnishes an explanation of a phrase which has hitherto been a puzzle to the commentators,—namely, *Lob's Pound*; under which heading we read in Nares as follows:—"To be laid in *Lob's Pound*, to be 'laid by the heels or clapped up in jail.'—*Old Canting Dictionary*. Also, any close or confined place; as in the following lines it means 'behind the arras':—

Who forced the gentleman, to save her credit,  
To marry her, and say he was the party  
Found in *Lob's Pound*.

Massinger's D. of Milan, III. 2.

"Who *Lob* was is as little known as the site of *Lipsbury Pinfold*. In Hudibras this term is employed as a name for the stocks, into which the Knight puts Crowdero.

Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,  
Thou basely throw'st into *Lob's Pound*.

I. III. 969.

Dr. Grey, in the notes, tells a ludicrous application of it in the case of one *Lobb*, a dissenter minister."

But when we interpret *Lob* by Fairy we can easily understand the application of the name *Lob's Pound* to those fairy rings, circlelets, or dances, from which those who had once entered them could not extricate themselves; and of which Old Aubrey's has left the following characteristic notice:—"In the year 1633-4, soon after I had entered into my grammar at the Latin school at Yatton Keynel, our curate, Mr. Hart, was annoy'd one night by these elves or fayries. Comming over the downes, it being neere darke, and approaching one of the fairy dances, as the common people call them in these parts, viz. the greene circles made by those sprites on the grasse, he all at once sawe an innumerable quantitie of pigmies, or very small people, dancing rounde and rounde, and singing, and making all manner of small odd noyses. He being very greatly amaz'd, and yet not being able, as he says, to run away from them, being, as he supposes, kept there in a kinde of enchantment; they no sooner perceave him, but they surround him on all sides, and what betwixt feare and amazement, he fell down, scarcely knowing what he did; and thereupon these little creatures pinch'd him all over, and made a sort of quick humming noyse all the time; but at length

† See Mr. Allies's pamphlet 'On the Ignis Fatuus,' p. 3: where it is stated that in the neighbourhood of Alfrich (i. e. *Elf-reich*, or Fairy Land, a name sufficiently significant as a proper locality for such traditions), where the *Ignis fatui* are thus designated, the so-called fairy rings are very abundant.

‡ 'Deutsche Mythologie,' s. 492.

§ Halliwell's 'Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of the Midsummer Night's Dream,' printed for the Shakespeare Society, p. 235.

they left him, and when the sun rose he found himself exactly in the midst of one of these fairy dances. This relation I had from him myself, a few days after he was so tormented; but when I and my bedfellow Stump wente soon afterwards at night time to the dances on the downes, we sawe none of the elves or fayries. But indeede, it is saide, they seldom appeare to any persons who go to seeke for them."

In conclusion, we would remark, as curiously illustrating the subject of the present paper, that in 'Piers Ploughman' we meet with "*Ponkes pondfold*."||

Out of the *ponkes pondfold*!  
No maynprise may us fecche,  
Till he come that I carpe of,  
Crist is his name.

Hell is here spoken of as the 'Pouk or Devil's Pound':—and certainly this expression goes far to support our opinion that *Lob's Pound* was originally used in the same manner to express the fairy circlelets from which those who once entered them could by no means escape.

#### DISCOVERERS AND DISCOVERIES.

To judge by your notice to correspondents, our philosophers want stoicism. Coming forward, as they nobly do, to enlighten a world deluded by the wily Newtonians into the belief that nothing except long and severe application will enable a man to form an opinion worth attending to upon points of natural philosophy—sure as they ought to feel, that martyrdom awaits them—they are yet unreasonable enough to quarrel with their crowns, and expect canonization without trials as a reward for discoveries without relevant study. For myself, I have for twenty years paid attention to their writings; and have talked to dozens of the philosophers themselves. The minds which are so framed as to become imaginary originators of new truths, while they know that they have not followed the methods which produced the old ones, have always been to me as serious a study as the amusement furnished by their results would permit. And my deliberate conclusion, as well from their conversation as from the yards of their works which stand upon my shelves, is,—that when once the painter is let go, when once they have cast off from *Learner's Wharf* without taking in the old ballast and engaging the proper steersman, it depends only on accidental currents whether they fall into something in which the multitude cannot detect them—such as calculating the perturbations of a planet by common headwork and rule of three—or whether they announce themselves to their little circle as having detected the devil in the act of *churning moral matter into physical*. Fortunately for themselves, some of them are mysterious in arithmetic only,—which is already a mystery to many: others have not a turn for figures,—and follow the path chalked out by Lieut. Brothers and Joanna Southcot.

When this conceit of discovery gets a footing in the mind, its effects are often extraordinary. Not always:—for just as there are heads which can carry too much liquor without becoming ridiculous, so there are persons who can bottle up discovery without, as Mrs. Gamp says, flying into the air with effervescence. But there are others who neglect their occupations and ruin themselves that they may run about the country offering their wonders for inspection,—and hoping that they may retrieve themselves by a government grant, or some other consequence of an enthronement by the side of Newton (I speak of the more modest ones;—a half half of them think Newton twaddled). Many of your readers have seen one or more such cases. I will give an account of one which I became cognizant of nearly twenty years ago.

An elderly man presented himself, with a declaration that he had arrived at the full knowledge of the creation and mode of continuance of all material objects. His manner was quiet, his expressions were rational, his arguments consecutive. He spoke like print about the unreasonableness of despising demonstration because it was offered by an obscure individual: and though, he said, his theological grounds were inexpugnable, yet he was sure of assent to his physical ones. He required it to be granted that the Creator had placed in the midst of all things one particle of matter in a state of vibration, which

|| See p. 346, line 11,345, *et seq.*, of Mr. Wright's edition of 'The Vision and the Creed of Piers Ploughman.'



communicated its vibrations to the surrounding particles of the ethereal fluid out of which all things were made. The vibrations of an elastic fluid are of all things the most difficult to conceive clearly. There are things which, though mathematicians only can arrive at them, many others can grasp:—but the vibrations of air or light are for the mathematician only to feel as well as to reason on. But this was unknown to the speculator: who proceeded in a most systematic and workmanlike manner to shake his particles,—leaving on my mind a general impression of, “Here we go up, up, up; and there we go down, down, down;” until, all of a sudden, there stood the Sun, bright and warm—one little undulation or two more, and there was Mercury—and so on through all the planets. I have ever since felt very easy in promising to do anything in a “brace of shakes;” feeling a right, by mental reservation, to interpret it as time for the creation of two planets. After the above feats, it was, of course, easy for the mystagogue to shake in light, electricity, animal life, &c. And then, having, as he said, no doubt that I clearly saw and admitted the whole, he told me that I should be rewarded for my intelligent attention by having his theological secret divulged to me. “This vibrating particle, Sir,—this little primary molecule, by the undulations of which all things are organized,—is the *logos* mentioned by St. John at the beginning of his gospel.” All in perfect good faith;—as I took care to ascertain.

There is an instance of the union of mathematical and theological aberration. The philosophers of the former class will be very indignant at being confounded with those of the latter; and many of your readers will be rather puzzled at the want of distinction,—and will think I am carrying matters too far. What! they will say, is a calculation upon wrong grounds of the perturbations of a planet the same thing in the principle of its absurdity as the affirmation and support of the proposition that the moon is an egg laid by the earth? Do not the recognized astronomers themselves sometimes make mistakes in their figures;—but do they ever cosmogonize in the fashion just cited? To which I answer that the said astronomers would be better pleased to err in the second manner than in the first,—that a little examination will show they are quite right: and that if either of the parties be injured by the comparison, it is the egg philosopher and not the perturbationist. I will now briefly make this examination.

When we laugh at the egg-man, inquiry soon shows us that our ridicule is only rational in consideration of the perverse manner in which it dwells upon analogies and neglects differences. *A priori*, there is nothing more absurd in planet with an *e* reproducing its kind than in plant without an *e* doing the same. Nay, suppose a person learned in all the organizations of our terrestrial globe, but wholly ignorant of the existence of other mundane bodies; introduce him at once to the knowledge of suns and their systems, planets and their satellites, &c.;—and not only would his first thoughts be directed to the mode of reproduction, but the inquiry would be to him a most rational and proper one. Let his astronomy be concurrent with his natural history, and he would learn to distinguish. The egg-man is absurd because in the character of an astronomer he comes before us with such omissions as can only be excused in a natural historian who has never seen sun, moon, or stars. But it may be, all the time, that the great laws by which God governs life, animal and vegetable, may have their parallels in those by which his power formed planets. The *nebular hypothesis*—which in the hands of a person who does not give it more than due probability, and who keeps it in his thoughts until it finds its own verification or refutation, is a sound matter of inquiry—suggests a mode (and one which, for aught any one can tell, may one day be established) in which a sun may be the parent (or immediate producing cause) of its planets, and a planet of its satellites.

Now for the man who proceeds in the way usual among *our* philosophers to determine the perturbations of a planet from the law of gravitation.—Far from considering him as on the same level with the egg-man, I should rather be inclined to class him with the mathematician who proposed, having given the tonnage and height of the mainmast, to ascertain the name of the captain. Not that the first thing

cannot be done.—but that *his* modes will do the second as soon. Any one who has a clear idea upon the measures of *force* which *produces velocity* and *velocity produced* will see that any one case may be imitated by a cistern which is filled by rain or dew, and emptied by evaporation,—and so closely imitated that the mathematical part of the calculation shall be the same to a single letter in both cases. Some of our perturbationists would deny this:—but I am not making myself *their* antagonist. I write for the instruction of those who can trust you so far for knowing your correspondents as to assent when the author of a series of letters in your paper speaks of some thing beyond *them* as being of the utmost notoriety to those who have studied the higher applications of mathematics. And I repeat, that there is no case of velocity produced by force which cannot with the utmost ease be translated, without alteration of any of the mathematics, into a problem in which the water in the cistern takes the place of the velocity, the rate at which it may be made to rain of the accelerating force, and the rate at which evaporation may act of retarding force. This being granted, I will make these perturbationists talk their own mathematics upon the cistern problem. “When it rains hardest,” they will say, “the cistern must be fullest.” Hundreds of your readers who cannot catch them in force and velocity, because those things and their measures are not familiar, will see that, so far from this being the case, the cistern will be fullest just at the end of the shower, when the rain is done and evaporation has not begun.—But their masterpiece, which entitles them to rank with those who find the captain’s name from the height of the mainmast, is their constant practice of reasoning on the velocity for the time being from the force for the time being;—that is, detecting the quantity in the cistern from the rate at which the rain falls for the moment. Here again, all your readers will catch them; and will see that it depends upon what there was in it at the beginning of the shower,—how long and how fast it has rained,—whether equally or variably,—and if the latter, in what manner the supply has varied. The process by which the total effect of gradually varying supply is obtained—the process, that is, of what mathematicians call the *integral calculus*—is not one of the tools of the F.M.F.S. The division of the whole time of action into insensibly small parts, the approximate calculation of the (by itself) insensible effect produced in each of those parts, the subsequent summation of these separately insensible effects into one whole, and the proof that by running this process up to its limit the absolutely accurate result of the hypothesis is obtained—are not even *in volis*. Sometimes, but rarely, the perturbationist gets, not enough to swear by, but enough to swear at. And to those who can appreciate it, there is nothing in this microcosm of ours so amusing as the beginner trying to act the critic upon a good learner’s difficulties by help of a bad learner’s view. I could point out many who have written and published,—and who honestly believe that the higher parts of the mathematical sciences are intentional frauds—upon the community, perpetrated by and with the consent of Church and State, to keep down such vigorous thinkers as those who find this mare’s nest. If it be so, never had fraud a more signal success,

D.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Omokullu, August 5, 1847.

This day last month I was overtaken at night in Simen by a fall of snow, no fire to warm my shivering limbs, and the sad certainty of passing the night supperless. I am now seated in Omokulla, with the thermometer ranging forty *grades*, and neither strength nor courage to taste the dishes which European hospitality has just placed before me. This contrast, at thirty days' distance, reminds me of my present feeling of security; which seems to me almost fabulous when tyrant memory recalls to mind that in July and August 1846 I was still in Great Damot, fearing every one, and with but a faint hope of ever treading again the hallowed ground of Gojam :—Christians of whatever sect seeming then to me a country and a home.

In October 1844 I came down from Gondār to the coast of the Red Sea, in order to replenish my purse and send a few letters to Europe. I then an-

nounced that I had proved by a variety of oral testimony that Kafa is a peninsula (*a rîpôc* of old) encircled by the upper course of the White Nile, and that the main branch of this mighty river is the Gojâb, called Godâfô, or Godâpo, by the people of Kafa. My letters were just gone when I attempted, with six observed latitudes and a great deal of oral information, to sketch a map of Great Damot—a name given by the Sidama (or people of Kafa and Dâwâro) and also by the ancient Abyssine manuscripts to the country comprised between the Abbey, the Didesa, the Gojâb, and probably bounded on the east by the Gurage highlands. The Galla invasion has obliterated most ancient names in their language at least, and that of Great Damot is now seldom used; but geographers are now and then in want of a comprehensive title,—and I hope those of Europe will adopt that of Great Damot, or simply Damot, already made known by the reverend Jesuit adventurers. My various notes were scarcely brought together, when I perceived that the basin of the Borora or Umo was much larger than that of the Gojâb; and the idea that I had misled geographers in a matter of this importance so tormented me that I resolved to retrace my steps to Inarya, visit if possible the actual source, and add to my previous and insufficient azimuthal angles a sufficient number of new ones to make the position of the famous sources a mathematical deduction from that of Gondâr,—which my observations, less, perhaps, than those of Herr Rûppell, had already fixed in an independent manner. A printed letter of M. Fresnel informed me that a visit to the sources of the White Nile was also the object sought for by Messrs. Bell, Plowden, and Parkyns. I met the latter in Adwa; and was so pleased to find an accomplished traveller well prepared for his task, that a week spent in his company is one of my most pleasing souvenirs of Ethiopia. M. Parkyns had then altered his plan,—had resolved to reach Bornu by Darfur; and if my Fîllâtah informant speaks true, he has long ere this quitted Kebbe for Kuka.

On returning to Gondār, I met Mr. Bell,—who said nothing of his projects; and on my part I naturally imitated his reserve. We waited two months for Ras A'ly's departure, and arrived in Baso at the latter end of April 1845. I there advised Mr. Bell to proceed with his companion amidst the ordinary caravan; as they knew nothing of the Ilmorog language, and little or nothing of the Gallo country. In my first Inarya voyage I had proceeded with the merchants; but for the present I had formed the bold plan of going at once from Baso to Limmu with five servants only. Whether this project was feasible, and whether Abba Bagibo would *invite me* to Inarya could be learnt only in Gudru. The latter precaution was important, as an invitation implies liberty to return; and the King of Limmu being in the habit of retaining all strangers not merchants, I had succeeded in getting out of Inarya the first time only by threatening measures of retaliation on the part of my brother,—who with a well-armed troop was ready to arrest, in Gojam, until my return, all the Limmu traders.

In Gudru I again embraced the brave and venerable Shumi Mátsha; whose kind features beaming amidst his grey hairs reminded me of those primordial days when a herdsman sent to the well to seek a wife for Isaac. Shumi Abba Bia raised his hands to bless me again and again; and when Abba Bagho had sent me a warm invitation, with the promise that I should return when I pleased, the son of Mátsha requested me to press the conclusion of his marriage with the grand-daughter of the King of Limmu, and named me his bridegroom. Never was an enterprise so prosperously begun. I wrote to my brother Arnould to cross immediately the Abyss, and cheered him with the joyous tidings that to all appearance four months would suffice to bring us to the source of the White Nile and back again in Gudru. On account of the war between Gudru and Jimma, a woman conducted me across the frontier; and I was well received, as during my first excursion I had cured a near relation of Gamba Shabo, the friend of Galáneh Wanta. The latter was the bravest son of Jimma Nunnu, and guided almost all strangers across his country up to the frontier of Jimma Tibbe. "Here is our physician-prophet," said the sons of Nunnu,—the finest men



have seen amongst the Galla; and they pressed on with spear and shield, performing their war dance, and greeting me with songs of welcome. How could I then imagine that a few weeks later these bold sons of Yamu should swear to cut me in pieces, to avenge the death of the brave and unfortunate Galānch Wanta!

"You are a seer," said my guide Rufo Garre, "—name upon me if I take your salt or beads;" and on reaching his frontier, he turned back after having merely asked for a kiss and a blessing. Gimire, ever my protector in Tibbe, was profuse in his hospitality: and after three days' feasting we ascended with him the bold chain of Rare, whose principal summit is 3,250 mètres above the level of the sea. We here passed from the basin of the Abbay to that of the White Nile; descending by a narrow and slippery path to the low plain watered by the Gibe of Leqa. Nabura Jimma received us the first night; on the second we slept in the cowfold of Goro Muqo, whose continual success in warfare is ascribed to witchery. The next day we swam across the Gibe, a slow turbid stream happily devoid of crocodiles; and, refusing the courteous offers of my old acquaintance Dilbo Ayamo, we hastened on to Aria. Shorro Boka was absent; and after a day of toil and fasting, we slept on the hard ground with only a scanty supply of cold water for our supper. Hunger is the best watchman of the dawn; so we rose early, begged a little fuel, baked our unpalatable bread, and in an hour's time were already, after a hasty meal, toiling amidst devious miry paths, and crossing every now and then rivulets swollen by the night rain. Shorro Gilla, our next protector, has the power, but not the name, of a king,—commands 800 horsemen,—and, surrounded with some thousand heads of cattle, is the greatest miser of Great Damot. Fearing, he said, that my mule and two asses would eat his calves' grass, he hurried us on without deigning to give a proper escort for the dangerous desert of Chibbe. This desert, formerly covered with prosperous harvests but now laid waste by Abba Bagibo, was the field of battle of Inarya, Guma, Bun-o, Jimma Hinne, Leqa and Bilo. Even the distant Sibü often coats the banks of the dangerous Wama,—which teems with crocodiles; and in bands of 20 or 30 at a time, hide themselves among the long grass to pounce on the unwary traveller, and carry home trophies shameful in Europe but glorious throughout all Elikopia. We crossed the Wirgesa fortunately without swimming, but my men were totally disheartened. I admonished them that to turn back to Shorro's would be to fast until market day,—while one day's fatigue might bring us within the precincts of Inarya, where stores of milk and honey (excuse the rhetorical nonsense) would soon make them forget past troubles. My best men were a Libān Galla and a lad born near Adulis, who swore that the one-bird had just sung and that all was right. I forgot to mention that the most disagreeable dangers of Chibbe are herds of elephants. When these lords of the desert appear, the only remedy, in the absence of women, is to huddle together, shout, throw stones, and pass night and day fasting and praying God to clear the road. We tremblingly passed the bare white rock which has proved fatal to so many caravans, and the waken rivulet where many a bold Limmu has bitten the dust under the spear of his Bilo foe:—then came the long winding path and the dangerous thicket and the bits of broken furniture, salt and beads, skulls and human bones, mute witnesses of past strife: then the tulsi-hill, which exposed us to the full view of concealed adventurers. Daylight was waning fast when my panting men and beasts refreshed themselves in the welcome rivulet which waters the very *kella* or frontier gate of Inarya. I then hastened to throw aside my rusty sword, gave my shield to my trusty Galla, and kept only the spear which throughout all Damot is the emblem of a free man.

I had thus performed in twelve days a journey which in caravan travelling takes generally two months—and often more. So far all was prosperous. Not so with my brother; who crossed the Abbay three days after my departure from Gudru,—and as chance (I ought to say Heaven) would have it, in company with Messrs. Bell and Plowden. Arnould had scarcely gained his footing on the Gudru side when he perceived the English fire-arms. "For God's sake, don't bring any such baggage with you," said my brother;

"those firearms will put us all in imminent danger. If you really intend to travel among the Galla, either send them back or throw them into the river."—"I think he is right," said Mr. Plowden: but he soon altered his intention,—until having reached Asandabo, he learnt that my brother had merely spoken the truth. But it was now too late.

The English travellers had chosen for their protectors in Gudru the sons of Duqe Dābālo; whose grounds, situated on the Jimma frontier, were mostly exposed to the invasion of Nunnu. Since the renewal of the war in 1841, the Gudru had been constantly losing ground; their bravest men fled before Galānch Wanta—a kind of Galla Achilles; and it had been long decided that nothing but fire-arms could stop the gigantic inroads of Jimma.

On the arrival of the English travellers, the long-sought-for opportunity was found; and the sons of Duqe invited Messrs. Bell and Plowden to fight for Gudru,—with what offers of remuneration I cannot learn. Mr. Plowden went to the house of Shumi Abba Bia, where my brother was, and offered the old patriarch all his baggage if he would save him from the necessity of firing at the Jimma. But Abba Bia, although at the head of his own clan, had no power in that of Duqe Dābālo, and answered in consequence. My brother then told Mr. Plowden that the entreaties and even threats of the sons of Duqe were not to be listened to by freeborn Englishmen; that if they refused to fight no Gudru would force them, and that personal violence could not be offered to them in a province which depended on Gojam.

It would seem that the two English travellers failed to believe this; and although it appears repugnant to common sense that a man who wishes to pass through a country should begin by killing one or two of the principal men of that very country, Messrs. Bell and Plowden, nevertheless, consented to fire on Jimma. The first only wounded a horse, and fired some random bullets; but Mr. Plowden, concealed behind a line of Gudru, began by killing Wādā Jimma, a brave young man, whom a merchant pointed out to destruction in order to avenge his private feud. Some days after, Mr. Plowden sent a bullet through the lungs of Galānch Wanta, who died after a lingering illness. This aroused the feelings of Jimma Nunnu. In an assembly of the whole clan, it was declared that if the sons of Gudru had a right to defend themselves, it was a cowardly and un-Ilmorma practice to hire the aid of foreign mercenaries. The Nunnu forum concluded by sending bones to all the neighbouring tribes of Chālliha, Jimma, Gombo, and even Sibü, reminding them that all Galla had one common ancestor, and that it behoved them to avenge the death of the brave Galānch on any white man who should fall into their hands.

I was in Inarya when these dismal tidings arrived; and learned also that my brother, well known as a warrior in Gojam, had resisted every offer of the sons of Duqe, and had suffered in consequence more than once from the pangs of hunger. However, with our usual pertinacity, we resolved not to relinquish our attempt. I planned a devious road through Chālliha and Libān; and after a delay of five months Arnould succeeded in leaving Gudru,—ran the gauntlet through Chālliha, by arriving, after nightfall, in an untenanted hut, which he quitted before daybreak—entered Libān, Agabja and Dorauni, where all his baggage was plundered, and almost miraculously restored.—and finally joined me in Inarya in December 1845.

Although I passed these five months in a state of great despondency, I had not remained idle. The door of my little hut in Jaka opened to the south; and my eye rested every morning on the forest of Babia and the sources of the Inarya Gibe. Behind me was the Gibe of Leqa, situated in the very Jimma which English powder had shut against me; on the left, the Walga and Wabe, the latter rising in the Gurage highlands; and lastly, on the right, the highland forest which, under different names, contains the sources of the Gojāb, Baro, and Didesa,—this last a tributary of the Blue Nile. To disentangle the true source out of this net of waters cost me a great deal of time and trouble. I shall premise by stating the principles on which my researches were conducted.

I am acquainted with only three characters which point out the true source of a river viz. :—

1. Universal consent.
2. The greater volume of waters.

3. To decide between equal volumes of water, a preference is generally given to that tributary whose direction coincides most nearly with the general course of the lower river.

Now, the first rule, which misled Bruce, can be of no use in Damot; as all the aborigines deriving their origin, according to their tradition, from Gojam and Bāgemidr say that all their waters flow into the Abbay. The third principle applies to the Inarya Gibe; but, strictly speaking, it must be used only in cases of hesitation between two equal volumes of water. The second rule remained to be examined at the mouths of the Gojāb, Busunkullo, Kusaro or Gibe of Jimma, Walga, and lastly, at the junction of the two Arbo, called Gibe higher up. To visit successively all these five confluent would require a continuance of that friendly footing which I had established previously to the Plowden exploits in Gudru, or a stay of three or four years in the country according to the Spanish proverb—"Time and I against any two." These two hypotheses being decided against me, it remained to try oral information as to the relative volumes of waters,—using as a check the relative surfaces of the respective basins. These last were to be obtained by distances only; rejecting directions or bearings, which few Africans understand, and remembering the rule laid down by a French military author—"If you measure the three sides of a triangle you obtain a better result than in measuring one side and two angles."

Being now reduced to oral information, I beg to premise a few remarks on the manner of collecting it:—as these must bear on all the hearsay geography of Africa.

An intelligent Ethiopian told me, that "if a stranger asks him a question, he invariably answers by an untruth; because, he added, by a clever lie I hold the questioner in my power, and because there is always a salt (*i. e.* an interest) in fiction which naked truth can never have. Also, when I give information I am to expect either money or, at least, thanks; or perhaps I can serve my own interests by giving it; and in either case, I must render my answer as palatable as possible. Now, I don't conceive how dry naked truths can be rendered palatable."

To obviate the effects of this Machiavellian system—and in nine cases out of ten a system it appears to be—I avoided, in Damot, seeking men for information,—or at least appearing to do so; and never paid them for it,—or if I did now and then, always proffered the money under some other remote pretext. When I found a stranger, I always began by questioning him on subjects which interested him—on his family, his commerce, or his cows, on the wars of his country, or the power of his king. I then proceeded cautiously to my own ends; trying to convince him by my manner that a *yes* or a *no* was indifferent to me; making him speak of his own accord, and avoiding direct questions as much as possible. I always avoided writing in his presence; except, on a few occasions, when I recorded the information, in short-hand, on my porcelain slab,—pretending to play, and without looking then at my writing. After six or ten days' silence, I repeated the same questions; and if the answers, or spontaneously-given information, were the same, I then began to suspect that I had heard truth. If three independent informers told the same thing, I set it down as true. Although, in important matters, I never confined myself, if possible, to three informers.

Proceeding, then, according to these rules, I have fourteen assertions that the Gojāb, or Uma, turns round Kafa and the Suro, and receives the Baro (Saubat of M. d'Arnould) to the west of Wālagga. Ten informers agreed in affirming that the Homo is much larger than the Gojāb. Two put the Suro or Borora above the Wabe; but one of them is so modestly veracious in speaking against his own country, that the weight of his testimony appears to me more than trebled. The course of the Kusaro, whose source I saw, is too short to give that river any importance. Eight informers agree in making the Guga much greater than the Walga. Four witnesses make the Gibe of Inarya predominate over that of Leqa; but, to be quite sure, I sent to the confluent a man from Limmu and another from Lofe to measure

each stream. These two men—previously convinced that the latter was the larger—returned with a contrary opinion. After having reported, in pretty nearly the same terms, on the width and current of each stream, their measure of the smaller Gibe is likewise almost identical with that made by my brother a few days previously, and sent to me in writing from Garjeda. I have thus come to the inevitable conclusion, that the true sources of the White Nile are those of the Gibe of Inarya,—which I visited with my brother in January 1846. Out of fourteen latitudes observed between Baso and Bonga, I chose two—each of them the results of three sets of circum-meridian altitudes, bound together by azimuthal angles, and about fifty-two miles distant. I had thus a base as well determined as, in my position, it was possible to get. From one end of my base in Lofe I took the bearings of upwards of sixty summits of the Rare chain. Many of these had been carefully measured in Gojam;—and in a subsequent station on Mount Kární in Choqe, 4,100 metres above the level of the sea, I connected my Gojam positions with those of Gondár. Supposing, therefore, with Herr Rüppell, the latter town in  $35^{\circ} 11' 44''$  east of Paris, the Soura of the Bora, or principal affluent of the Inarya Gibe, is in  $34^{\circ} 38'$  east of the same meridian. As a check to these operations, I had some sets of lunars taken in Saka (Inarya), due north of the Soura;—but the want of a 'Nautical Almanac' has prevented me from calculating more than one of them, and the result is  $34^{\circ} 42' 24''$ . Whether the other sets will confirm this, I may, if God pleases, examine one day in Europe. The latitude agrees well, by even angles from Saka and Goroque, with that resulting from angles pencilled on a circumferentor; and appears to be  $7^{\circ} 49' 48''$ . These figures may undergo a trifling change when I shall have discussed all my azimuthal angles.

I may here add, that merchants are generally the worst informers; they are so well trained to telling falsehoods about prices and qualities that they seldom speak truth elsewhere. My favourite informers were elephant hunters, kings' messengers, adventurers, and, if possible, slaves who had left their country when grown up.

Our return to Gojam—which we performed separately—was replete with danger. But this letter has overstepped bounds; and if the history of our adventures please you, I shall be happy to renew it another time. I will only remark that under ordinary circumstances our excursion from Gojam to Inarya and back again would have been performed in four or five months;—while the rashness of Messrs. Bell and Plowden, by shutting up the high road, and compelling me to negotiate a passage, forced me to protract my stay in Damot to the enormous space of seventeen months.

ANTHONY D'ABBADIE.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

MANY of our readers, by this time know that Mr. Brooke, who has played so remarkable a part in Borneo, has left his throne in Sarawak for a time and come over, like other potentates, to visit Queen Victoria. Few sovereigns who have approached England of late years have brought with them so worthy a title. The position which he occupies in the beautiful country for whose benefit he is now amongst us, and the steps by which he has attained it, are, it is truly observed, without a parallel. "Almost, for the first time in the history of nations, the naked and untutored savage has learned to date the beginning of peace, order, and happiness from the arrival of his European governor." In connexion with the opening thus afforded, we are informed that three clergymen of the Church of England are about to proceed immediately to Sarawak, to undertake a mission to the Malay and Dyak populations. It is needless for us now to inform our readers that with the religious aspect of a movement like this it is beyond the self-imposed commission of the *Athenæum* to meddle; and the evils arising from interference of the kind which it has often had historically to record, have generally resolved themselves into questions of the individual wisdom and personal conduct of those assuming the office of instructors. As the parties, in the present instance, are, we believe, earnest in their desire to educate on a large plan, (independently of the religious incultation) and to aid Mr. Brooke in an effectual

development of the moral and natural resources of the fine country to which they are going,—and hope further that their labours may effect something for the cause of science at home,—we feel a desire to bespeak for them such assistance as may enable these objects to be effectually carried out. They are anxious to obtain, through the medium of benevolent individuals, contributions for educational purposes, in the form of books, maps, drawings, and philosophical instruments. A reference to late works on the subject of the Eastern Archipelago will show how much may be done by teaching amongst the Malay population,—and how capable they are of appreciating the superiority of the educated European mind. Courteous in manners and acute in intellect, the lesson that "knowledge is power" is quite within their capacity; and their recognition of the virtues of peaceful civilization is easily reached. They amongst us who doubt the success of a mission of civilization to the proverbially treacherous Malay,—with whom piracy is a virtue,—must overlook the early history of our own land with its piratical seakings and predatory Norsemen. This mission, if it be true to the liberal spirit in which we hope it is conceived, may test an important question which missions have hitherto for the most part helped to obscure,—if it be not possible for Christian civilization to come in contact with the savage and establish its truths without destroying the people. From the moment that we set foot in Labuan as a nation, the natives have claims upon us moral and political. Civilization has duties commensurate with her rights; and the riches of wisdom and knowledge are due from us to those whose land and labour help to swell our coffers. Duplicate volumes or rejected instruments—anything that may enable the mission to make out the cause of science—will be valuable from individuals; and, surely, this is one of the occasions on which the Geographical Society should not sit by with folded hands. It may convert an opportunity like this into an important one for obtaining the rectification of the manifold errors in present maps,—and contribute, as a body, something to the cultivation of that great and promising field which an individual has opened up in Borneo.

Amid the signs of the advancing season—which have for the most part a sadness in their beauty—are some that speak in other language than that of decay.—The early announcements of those brilliant phenomena, the Northern Lights, multiply around us. They were visible in Carlisle on Sunday, and again on Wednesday in last week; making their appearance soon after seven o'clock, and flashing athwart the sky in a brilliant phosphorescent-like circle from east to west.—A correspondent writing from the Ross of Mull gives us an account of a beautiful lunar rainbow which was observed there some nights ago. It was first seen at half-past eight—the sky being partially clouded, with occasional showers, and the wind S. W. The arch was perfect—of a silvery phosphorescent light;—darker at the inner part of the arch and becoming bright towards the outer edge. At each extremity of the bow the effect was more brilliant than towards the centre. The upper part of the arch soon disappeared; but the extremities continued for a considerable period—and as the extent diminished, their brilliancy increased. "Nothing," says our correspondent, "could be more beautiful—more fairy like—than the whole appearance of this arch when perfect."

The *Journal des Débats* of Tuesday last has the following:—"For some days past a number of dark spots have appeared on the sun's disk, and are visible even to the naked eye if a coloured or smoked glass be used. A good telescope is wanted to make their arrangement clear. They form two lines—one in the centre of the planet, formed of three large circular spots something like the three stars in Orion's belt. This line occupies somewhat less than a fifth of the diameter. The other spots are more to the right and in the upper limb,—tending westward."

We mentioned some time since the expected arrival in this country of two living specimens of that almost extinct animal the Aurochs, or European Bison—which the Emperor of Russia, on hearing that the Zoological Society of London were in search of the complete skeleton, had promised to present as a mark of his attachment to science. These—a male and female—have now arrived, and are safely

housed in the Society's grounds: and our town readers will doubtless feel curious to make acquaintance on easy terms with an animal variety which is, we fancy, nowhere else to be seen without the ceremony of a hunt in the forest of Bialowicza, in the distant government of Grodno.—One of the great mammals which was unquestionably a companion of the lost races of mammoth, rhinoceros and elephant in this country, is, therefore, restored to it; and we trust that the Society will be as fortunate with this species as they have been with the giraffe.—The impossibility of transporting or even of capturing without injury so wild and savage a beast—rendered it necessary to rear these animals in confinement from a very early age. The experiment has succeeded perfectly. The only previous instance on record of the removal of this animal from the forests of Lithuania is that mentioned by Sir Roderick Murchison in his work on Russia and the Ural Mountains,—when the King of Poland sent an Aurochs, or Zubr, to appear before the Fathers of the Council of Constance, in the sixteenth century.

We have already called the attention of our readers [*ante*, p. 939] to the establishment of Queen's College, London,—a branch of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution—for the purpose of granting certificates of competency to ladies seeking them with a view to the important and honourable office of instructor. We remind intending candidates for the benefits of the new institution that this month the Committee meet to receive their names:—and a house, we may add, has now been taken in Harley Street, next door to the "Governesses' Home," in which the examinations will take place.—We may mention, also, that Dr. Bernays has offered to open at the same house a series of lectures on language—by a course of his own on the German tongue:—the course to be begun so soon as ten cards shall be taken,—and the whole proceeds to go towards the foundation of an asylum for needy aged governesses.—To this paragraph we may add appropriately that a meeting has been held in the City for the purpose of establishing a library for the benefit of young Welshmen resident in London.

The first number of a new monthly paper is before us, apparently established in connexion with the College of Preceptors, and called 'The Educational Times.' It professes to give educational reports—papers on the science and art of education—educational politics, embracing statistical information—and "papers for the purpose of conveying exact and scientific information on the subjects of the greatest utility and interest to the enlightened educator." The College of Preceptors, we may add, has published its calendar, containing all information relating to the objects and mechanism of the institution.

Lord John Russell, we may mention, has given 250*l.* out of the Queen's Bounty Fund to Mrs. Thom, mother of the late Mr. Robert Thom, the British Consul at Ningpo—so well known for his labours to introduce his countrymen to an acquaintance with Chinese literature. The *Glasgow Chronicle* says, the last week of his life was devoted to preparing for publication another work on his favourite topic—entitled 'The Chinese Speaker.'

We can contradict, from authority, the statement which has appeared in several London papers—and was quoted by us, on their responsibility,—that Sir David Brewster was the predecessor of the Rev. Dr. Hanna in the editorship of the *North British Review*. Dr. Brewster never was editor of that (or any other) Review—and was not even one of the party who established it. His connexion with it was at no time more than that of an ordinary contributor.

The first annual meeting of the members of the Cambrian Archeological Association was held, according to our previous announcement of the intention, last week at Aberystwith.—Sir S. Glynn presiding. Many papers were read: and at the close of an excursion which the members made to Strata Florida Abbey, it was determined that a subscription should be raised for the purpose of clearing out the remains of that beautiful and interesting ruin. The Queen, it was stated, has granted 50*l.* for the purpose of repairing the Tudor tombs in Penmynd Church, Anglesey.—The next general meeting will be held in Carnarvon some time in the course of next year.

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The Adelaide papers bring accounts of an entertainment which has been given in that capital to Capt. Sturt, on the occasion of his quitting the colony to return to England. The event was made matter of general concern. The public offices were closed, and most of the shops were shut. A subscription—limited to a guinea, that the record may have a broader basis—has likewise been set on foot for the purchase of a testimonial expressive of the sense entertained by his fellow-colonists of the services which Capt. Sturt has rendered them "by his discovery of the principal part of the territory occupied by them, and by his subsequent exertions in extending the discoveries in the interior."

From Copenhagen, it is stated that the valuable Library of the Royal Society of Icelandic Literature in that capital has been entirely consumed by fire. The loss is irreparable; as the library contained upwards of 2,000 unpublished manuscripts and many unique copies of ancient works printed in Iceland. This calamity is a lamentable supplement to the destruction caused by the burning of the Library of the Arna Magnæan Institution—when more than 40,000 Icelandic manuscripts perished during the bombardment of Copenhagen by our countrymen, in 1807.

A letter addressed by Signor Carlo Guzzoni Degli Ancurati to the Chevalier Salvatore Betti, and published in the Italian papers, announces the discovery of an unpublished "Life" of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, dictated by Brother Serafino Razzi, of the order of preachers. The MS. contains, also, some poems of Girolamo; which, according to the criticism of the letter, are sufficient to stamp him as a poet.

We see it stated, from Venice, in the *Augsburgh Gazette*, that the Mekitarists have just published an Armenian translation of the works of a Greek fabulist—the original being unknown. The Armenian translation would seem, on the testimony of its language, to be of the fifth Christian era.

The *Reme Scientifique et Industrielle* states that Prof. Schönben has, to a certain extent, discovered that long desideratum, malleable glass. The Professor renders papier maché perfectly transparent by causing it to undergo a certain metamorphosis which he calls catalytic; and makes of it window-panes, vases, bottles, &c., impermeable to water, and which may be dropped on the ground without breaking.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—NOTICE.—The VIEW of TITOLI will shortly be removed. The other picture now exhibiting represents the INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, at VENICE, one of the most magnificent temples in the Christian world. Novel and striking effects of light and shade in both pictures.—Open from Ten till Half-past Four.—Admission, 2s.; Saloon, 1s.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A LECTURE on the PHYSICAL PROPERTIES of a JET of STEAM, in reference to VENTILATION, &c., with novel and interesting experiments, by Dr. BACHOFNER, Daily, at Half-past Three. Lectures on Character, with Musical Illustrations, by Mr. J. Russell, accompanied by Dr. Wallis, on the Pianoforte, every Evening, at Eight o'clock, except Saturday. Chemical Lectures. The Electric Telegraphs tested. The Working Models explained daily. The beautiful Optical Effects include an entirely New Series of Dissolving Views. Diving Bell and Diver with Hyde's New Apparatus for Conversing with Persons under Water, &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

## SOCIETIES

BOTANICAL.—Oct. 1.—Dr. P. B. Ayres, in the chair.—The Secretary announced that several valuable parcels of British plants had been received since the last meeting, and would be distributed to the Members at the next distribution of the Society's duplicates.

Specimens of *Zostera nana* (Roth), collected at Poole Harbour, by Mr. Borrer, were presented by Mr. Sowerby.

## MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

THURSDAY. Zoological Society, 2.—General Business.

## FINE ARTS

The History and Pedigree of the Portrait of Prince Charles, afterwards Charles the First, painted by Velasquez in 1623. Reading, Snare.

Two hundred and twenty-eight pages of closely printed matter, in octavo form, are here put together by a bookseller and publisher of Reading, who is the proprietor of the picture about which he writes, and would fain have us believe that he has discovered the long-lost portrait of the unfortunate Charles by Velasquez. When this picture was first exhibited in London we recorded our opinion of it [ante, p. 440], as a work of some merit which had

been retouched—painted originally neither by Velasquez: nor by Vandyke, but being one of the innumerable studies made by some minor hand which were so greatly in request from the death of the monarch until after the Restoration.

The author of the brochure before us makes a great display of his assumed incapacity to do justice to his own case; but we have not proceeded many pages ere we find that he is a practised hand—having much ingenuity in stringing together circumstances however extrinsic, and a special-pleading tact in dealing with them more fitted for the courts than for the discussion of questions in which Art is concerned. It is unfortunate for his case, and a great proof of its weakness, that two hundred and twenty-eight pages should have been necessary to establish it.

Early after its acquisition, Mr. Snare had made up his mind that this was the picture he desired it to be—and brought himself, as he says, into a state of enthusiasm on the subject. He could neither eat nor sleep—sat up until three o'clock in the morning looking at it—rose with the lark, and took his eyes from it only to read some book that had reference to the Spaniard whom he believed to be its author. The taste for collecting old portraits has been long a habit with Mr. Snare. He says himself that it is so well known in the place where he resides, that people constantly bring him pictures for sale—and that he seldom declines to purchase, "being anxious to secure the choice of everything of the pictorial kind that is brought in the locality." He affirms that his "speculations," besides having been "a pleasure," have hitherto been largely profitable considering that they have been only casually entered into. Sometimes he has been "very fortunate." Once he picked up a portrait painted on pannel and broken into three pieces for thirty shillings—which the man from whom he bought it thought wholly worthless—but which, he says, turns out to be Elizabeth of Bohemia, by Mierevelt. Then he made another discovery of an early portrait of our own Queen Elizabeth. Royal portraits he was "always most anxious to procure—and insensibly made them the study of his leisure. Gradually he made himself acquainted with the names of the painters who executed the likenesses of the different monarchs—and without effort "learned to recognize the styles of various artists of the several periods." Our bookseller of Reading is as ingenious in detecting the authorship of old pictures as able in providing a pedigree for them, from the easel downwards, so soon as his hypothesis has once been formed. Sometimes he sells these discoveries: and he remembered, he has a great veneration for the effigies of royal personages—because, as he says, in the true spirit of trade, "they are sold at small prices, and speculation therefore is not very hazardous."

Having thus exhibited himself as ever looking out to secure royal portraits for small sums, the author tells us the whole story how he read Mr. Ford's "Handbook for Spain"—his regrets over the long-lost portrait—how he "caught a most lofty idea of the scope of Velasquez's genius," only from Mr. Ford's "glowing account"—"conceived the notion that this portrait was yet to be discovered—and felt a determination to seek for it." He declares that "he knew not why he was thus moved." However, he went to see the pictures which were to be sold by auction at Radley Hall in company with the artist from whom he had bought the portrait of Elizabeth of Bohemia; and no sooner saw the portrait in which he recognized the features of Charles the First than he was "much affected." How singular it is that he should have seen this portrait so soon after reading Mr. Ford's lament!

But this is not all. He knew it at once to be by Velasquez, though he declares that "it was in the drawing-room too high to be closely inspected," and although the proprietor of the place, Mr. Kent, told him at the time "that it was by Vandyke and the background by that artist's most clever pupils." He referred to engravings from a first-rate printseller; but though he could not help asking himself if this might not be a picture by Vandyke, "a dreamy conviction came over him that it would prove to be the lost portrait by Velasquez!" Singularly enough for a creature of instinct, he seems for a moment to have had a mistrust of himself. He "laughed at his own credulity," and was afraid to consult any one on the subject. But he read through ponderous tomes,

and reached his old faith by the new path of study. Then, he consulted a gentleman, a Mr. Keavin, in whose judgment he had confidence because the latter had purchased a large equestrian portrait from him. With him he attends the sale—and buys the picture for eight pounds.

It is amusing to find Mr. Snare expressing the uneasiness which he felt when he saw Mr. Street (whose judgment in old portraits is unquestionable) proceeding to the sale in company with another knowing picture-dealer. Both, it seems, were in the room—and one actually bidding for the picture. However, they allowed Mr. Snare to buy the *chef-d'œuvre* for eight pounds!

On getting the picture home, our author tells the old story of applying the moistened finger or the wetted sponge to its surface—bringing out the colours—and making, in short, the most extraordinary discoveries. It was then confided to the hands of a cleaner; who, as soon as he saw it pronounced it to be by Vandyke. Every body said the same—but he, the proprietor, persisted—and persists—that it is by Velasquez.

As a pecuniary speculation, the Exhibition of this picture has not been eminently successful. The opinions of the artists and the amateurs have not been in favour of the proprietor's hypothesis;—and with some of our contemporaries of the press he has been at war because they also differed from him. To silence all such dissent he has written this history of the portrait. The connexion which he finds between the story of the finding of the picture, its purchase, and its assumed history previously to the discovery, escapes us. We want the link which Mr. Snare had—the instinct. This picture may have been the one described by Pennant and catalogued by Lord Fife as being in his possession at Whitehall in Fife House as "Charles the First when Prince of Wales—painted at Madrid 1625, and ascribed by the Earl to Velasquez: but this is merely such an ascription as is often arbitrarily made by the possessor of a work, unsupported by any show of reasoning or probability.—Mr. Snare has, as we have said, written a multitude of pages and made elaborate quotations to prove by induction that he has stumbled on his philosopher's stone: yet all this is *apropos* of such a description of portrait as often meets the eye in a ramble through Wardour Street. When George the Third was offered a pedigree by a jockey with a horse which the monarch had purchased from him, his majesty is reported to have said—"Take it back with you; it will do just as well for the next you sell." So this pamphlet, failing to make out a case of authenticity for the picture now in question, may as well be laid by on the chance of its doing that office more effectually for some other "hobby" on a future occasion.

HENRY HOWARD, R.A.

Mr. Howard, the well-known Secretary and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, died on the 5th inst. at Bath, in the 78th year of his age. He was born in 1770; and was at Rome, in 1794, when in his twenty-fourth year he forwarded his first work, 'The Death of Cain,' to the Royal Academy Exhibition. He returned to London in 1796, and took up his residence in No. 332, Strand; where he was living when he sent four paintings to the Academy Exhibition of that year—'Puck,' 'Ariel,' 'Satan awakening in the Burning Lake,' and 'Portrait of a Gentleman.' In 1796 he removed to No. 7, Charles Street, Berners Street; when he painted for the Exhibition of that year—'The Planets drawing Light from the Sun,' 'The Rise of Morning, from Paradise Regained,' 'Venus carrying off Iulus' from the *Æneid*, and three portraits of nameless gentlemen and ladies. In 1797, he exhibited 'Sin and Death passing through the Constellations,' 'Boreas and Orythia,' 'Hylas and the Naiads,' 'Visit of the Maries to the Sepulchre,' and 'Æolus convoking the Zephyrs.' The next year (1798) he removed to No. 54, Great Marlborough Street; and exhibited 'Adam and Eve finding the body of Abel,'—and four portraits, one being of Mrs. Trimmer and another of the Bishop of Winchester. Finding the poetry of his Art an unmarketable article among the patrons of the day—he turned his attention to portrait-painting—removed to No. 13, Poland Street—invited sitters,—and in place of exhibiting subjects from Milton, Virgil, Theocritus and Ovid—was obliged to be content with portraits of Miss

Prickett, 'Mr. Smith in the Westminster Cavalry,' and such chance sitters as accident, rather than reputation, had brought to his door. He did not, however, neglect the higher calling which he loved; and in 1800 he exhibited a picture of 'Eve' from Milton, 'The Dream of the Red Cross Knight,' from the 'Faerie Queene.' Such was his reputation at this time that he was elected (1801) an Associate of the Royal Academy;—and pleased with this recognition of his talents, he stripped for greater efforts, and tried to throw all the resources of his pencil into 'A Fairy Vision from Comus,' 'The Angel waking Peter in the Prison,' and 'Achilles wounded by Paris from behind the Statue of Apollo.' Banks and Flaxman, the two great sculptors, took notice of his efforts, gave him friendly encouragement all he did, and suggested, it is said, new subjects for his pencil. In 1802, he exhibited 'Love animating the Statue of Pygmalion'; in 1803 'Mutius Scaevola thrusting his hand into the Fire'; in 1804 'The Sixth Trumpet Sounded,' and in 1805 'Sabrina' from Comus. On the death of Banks in 1806, he removed to No. 5, Newman Street—the house and studio for many years of the great sculptor; and his 'Hero and Leander,' the first picture which he painted in his new quarters, is said to have justified his occupation of the place.

In 1807 he painted 'The Infant Bacchus brought by Mercury to the Nymphs of Nysa'; and in the autumn of the same year was elected a Royal Academician. Of his fellow Academicians at this time two alone out of forty survive.—Sir Martin Archer Shee and Mr. J. M. W. Turner. Others, however, elected after him have died before him.—Callcott and William Daniell, for instance, Wilkie, Dawe, Raeburn, Hilton, Collins, Jackson, Chantrey, Constable, and Newton. His diploma picture on his election was 'The Four Angels loosed from the River Euphrates.'

For fifty-three years, from 1794 to 1847, Mr. Howard never missed sending to a Royal Academy Exhibition. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find another example of such singular assiduity. A mere catalogue of what he did would fill a page of the *Athenæum*. His office of Secretary to the Academy, to which he was elected in 1811, on the death of Mr. Richards, gave a methodical character to his labours; but where his pictures went—for he had few or no patrons, strictly so called—we regret our inability to discover. 'Comus listening to the Incantations of Circe,' 'The Contention of Oberon and Titania,' and 'Lear and Cordelia,' are in Sir John Soane's Museum; the Duke of Sutherland has his picture of 'The Hours'; the Marquis of Lansdowne a well-coloured picture of 'A Woman with a Guitar'; and other specimens may be seen in the collections of Mr. Vernon and Mr. Sheepshanks. He was never much of a favourite with the public; but from criticism he obtained at least his full share of admiration. In his best pictures the leading merit is, that he never offends you—he is classically cold. This is pretty—that part is clever—and here and there are certain graceful recollections of the antique; but you pass on unwarmed with what you see, and, consequently, soon ceasing to remember what you have seen. This is not the case with Flaxman, or even with Banks; who seldom fail to impart to what they borrow from the antique an inborn vigour of their own which lifts them up from the servile herd of mere imitators. Mr. Howard was always on the brink of doing something great—but, like others, never got beyond the line which separates imitation from original excellence. His place, therefore, in the history of Art is not likely to be high or lasting; and the Royal Academician of forty, and the constant exhibitor of fifty-three years' standing must take his place among the other by-gone Royal Academicians—the Treshams, and Theeds, and Thomsons, of the last century. Nor will his lectures at the Academy materially assist to buoy up his reputation. The critic twenty years hence will scarcely be accused of ignorance because he knows nothing more of Mr. Howard than as "Flaxman's friend."

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE. Modern Pictures at Milan.

During my two days at Milan, I stumbled upon a show of modern pictures, &c., in the Brera Gallery,—curious, if taken in comparison with similar German, Flemish, and French Exhibitions, rather than for any

skill or originality which it displays. It seems odd, in the first instance, to be invited to compare Young and Old Italy by the intimate communion in which the ancients and moderns are jumbled together—some pale, but "not unhandsome," water-colour drawings shouldering, not wholly shutting out, Guercino's 'Hagar'—three enormities of live ducks, dead fish and cut melons, hiding just half of an elaborate old Nativity: and a thing (I really forget what) placed at an angle—obtuse by very many degrees—with the 'Sposalizio!' Tasteless as we English are accused of being, and cruel to boot towards our painters, we do not subject them to so hard a doom of refined torment as this! But—for any wrong done to their parents—the larger number of the specimens exhibited at the Brera might as well be there as anywhere else: so little do they deserve consideration as pictures. Some have been painted for, and won, prizes—the best perhaps among these being a 'Christ blessing little Children,' by Signor De Notaris. Another of animals, by Signor Borgo-Caratti, of Milan, I should like to pack up and send home for our own Edwin Landseer's eating! Sundry pictures, too, have been purchased by some society—probably of Art-Unionists: the purchases, at all events, being worthy of the well-known high taste and discretion which at home and abroad preside over such selections! Two altar-pieces from the legend of San Nazario Celso, painted for the Church of Urgnano near Bergamo, have little save their size to recommend them. None of these efforts in high Art, I can truly and sorrowfully say, deserve a second look. In historical pictures on a smaller scale, matters are less disastrous. A composition of "Count Verde of Savoy protesting his independence in the presence of Charles IV. of Germany," by Signor Focosi, has much of the showy and mechanical cleverness which we recognize, rather than admire, in our own Selous and Corbould. A half-length of 'Ruth,' by Signor Appiani, may also be mentioned. I thought with pride of Mr. Frost's 'Una' while looking at a cabinet painting of 'Venus with the Loves and the Graces,' by Signor Conconi. Then the landscapes! To criticize these I wished for nothing so much as the presence of our clever Graduate, who does not see "good in everything"—only perfect Nature in Mr. Turner! There are, at most, only two or three (a pair of sea-pieces included) by Signor Riccardi, which in England would even have been exalted far above "the line." Do not think me ungenerous: but who can desire, on occasions like these, to mitigate the severity of truth—that recollects how our own school of painting has been again and again attacked by every æsthetic foreigner who has treated the matter, for its low-thoughtedness and its technical incompleteness? The one good native picture in this Exhibition is the portrait of a Lady, by Signor De Magistris—the subject by no means an attractive one, but the treatment easy and excellent: the costume, too, so happily arranged that it will look neither obsolete nor meagre one hundred years hence. There are some attempts in the familiar Dutch style, by Signor Induno—not bad: and four amateur efforts by Count Carlo Belgiojoso—who, it would seem, shares in the strong artistic sympathies which distinguish other members of his family.—Among the most satisfactory part of the show, however, is the screen covered by contemporary Dutch artists. Certain contributions from Zurich, on the other hand, are dolefully typical of the state of Art in Switzerland, if from either, or both, one is permitted to generalize.

The average merit of the sculptures exhibited at the Brera is much greater than that of the paintings. I am glad to see the Italians making such obvious efforts to break loose from the conventions of the old classical mythology. In some of the marbles, great simplicity and elegance are to be remarked,—in few, academical insipidity—in none (so far as a hasty glance warrants me in pronouncing) extravagance.

**FINE ART GOSSIP.**—The School of Design has opened for the season in Somerset House. Mr. Wilson, the Director, has resumed his post; and the several masters are engaged in teaching the few students still belonging to the School. The Committee of the Board of Trade by whom the final arrangements must be made have as yet done nothing—the vacant seats in the Council are still unoccupied, Messrs.

Horsley, Townsend, and Richardson are looking in vain for the Director's resignation,—and the Director equally in vain for the resignation of the masters. In the mean time, the schools in the country are remonstrating against the new plan of education proposed by the sub-committee; and hard criticisms pass on the desire which the Triumvirate exhibit to teach design. It is enough for us to refer to such passing banter as we have heard while sitting at a distance—the subject is one of great interest, and we have not forgotten our promise to return to it before very long.

We alluded some time since to changes about to take place in the hours of study at some of the schools of the Royal Academy. A late order of the Council provides that the Library shall be open on Mondays from ten till four, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from four till six. The antique academy is to be open every evening from five o'clock until eight—an extension of time which in this department is of great importance. It is to the school of antique sculpture that the artist must, after all, resort for those sound and eternal principles which all changes of mode and form may illustrate but none can vary.

Mr. Labouchere has, we hear, lately purchased from Mr. Farrer Etty's well-known and early picture of 'Cleopatra,' for one thousand guineas.

By this time the Frescoist, Mr. Dyce on his subject at Osborne House and Messrs. Macleise and Cope in the House of Lords, are about bringing their labours to a close—winter being unfavourable to the progress of this particular style of operation.

A correspondent of the *Builder* informs that paper that Kneller Hall, formerly the residence of Sir Godfrey Kneller, and built by him, has been purchased by government. "The staircase, which goes to the height of two stories, is," says the writer, "very interesting,—as it is supposed to have been painted by himself. The subjects on three sides, as well as the ceiling, are allegorical. That on the west side next the hall, representing painting, sculpture, and architecture, evidently contains portraits,—perhaps of Sir Godfrey and his family. The paintings being only on lath and plaster partitions have suffered considerably:—but it is to be hoped they will now be carefully restored, and preserved in their original position."

On Monday last the Society of British Artists opened their New School of Art in their great room in Suffolk Street,—with an address from the President, Mr. Hurlstone, and a lecture 'On Anatomy' by Mr. Marion. A class for ladies is to be opened next week. Students are to be admitted to draw from the living model at this school at the age of twenty—one year earlier than the age demanded by the Royal Academy. After the present season—when there is a charge of two guineas—the courses will be gratuitous.

By the death of Mr. Howard, the Royal Academician,—more particularly referred to in another part of this day's paper,—Mr. Knight, we presume, becomes *de facto* Secretary to the institution in Trafalgar Square. Our readers know that he has for the last nine months performed the duties gratuitously.—Mr. Howard retaining the nominal office and its emoluments as a testimony of the respect of his brother Academicians earned by thirty-six years of official service. Such an arrangement could, of course, have been made only with an understanding that the salary would be reunited with the duties in the person of the member who undertook the latter provisionally for the purpose of enabling the arrangement to be carried into effect.

The *Perth Advertiser* speaks of the intention to erect in that city a cathedral in connexion with the Episcopal Church of Scotland—whose scale and magnificence may be judged by the fact that it is to cost the sum of 60,000!

The *Builder* states that the Church of Santa Sophia, at Constantinople—the most ancient Christian church that exists—converted into a mosque since 1453—is now undergoing a thorough restoration by order of the Sultan, under the direction of M. Fossati, an architect. "As we are informed," says our contemporary, "they have removed the layer of plaster with which the superb mosaics and frescoes that decorate the walls were covered—and which are not less important as regards Art than they are in respect of history."

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Looking in the Director's room, I was reminded of the late Baron Verulke de Soelen, who was sold on the 26th inst. In the interest of the Arts, it is hoped that this work, one of the most complete of its kind in existence, may not be separated by the accidents of the hammer—but may pass into the hands of a single purchaser.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

**M. JULIEN'S CONCERTS FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.**—The NEW SWISS QUADRILLE.—M. Julien has the honour to announce that his New Quadrille entitled the SWISS QUADRILLE, will be performed, for the first time, on MONDAY NEXT, Oct. 11th. The Concert commences at Eight, and terminates before Eleven. The Boxes and Places may be secured at the Box Office of the Theatre, at Mr. Mitchell's, Old Bond-street; Mr. Sams's, St. James's; Mr. Oliver's and Mr. Alcorn's, New Bond-street, and at J. Julien's Musical Establishment, 214, Regent-street.

**HAYMARKET.**—This theatre re-opened for the season on Saturday last, with 'The School for Scandal,' introducing to us for the first time several new candidates for theatrical applause. By these additions the company is, we hope, much strengthened; but it will be necessary to have more experience of their talents before we can decide. Mr. Henry Farren performed *Charles Surface* with much (too much) confidence and some stage-skill. With advantages of figure, voice, and training, he was too slow, inflexible, and deliberate for the character. Mr. H. Vandenhoff, who played *Careless*, is a young man of promise. The air of freedom and nature which accompanied his performance of this small part gave good token of his capacity. To these novelties was added the *débüt* here of Miss E. Nisbett as *Maria*—a lady whose personal charms would make even worse acting tolerable. Mr. Creswick, too, has reached these boards; where he will probably obtain a range of characters sufficient to bring out such variety of talent as he may possess. In the mean time, we suspect that his circle is not a wide one. A well-taught actor, his tone is monotonous, and he seeks to substitute passion by declamation. In the latter, however, he is uniformly chaste,—and not seldom emits sparks of poetic fire. He performed on this evening *Joseph Surface* with abundant discretion, but with little aptitude. Mr. Wigan has again found his place on the legitimate stage,—and appeared here as *Sir Benjamin Backbite*. This gentleman is one of the most important new engagements on which Mr. Webster has ventured. So many new faces of course much increased the excitement of a first night—the strangers were loudly welcomed. Nor less cordially were the old favourites hailed. Mr. Farren in *Sir Peter Teazle*, Mrs. Nisbett as *Lady Teazle*, Mrs. Glover in *Mrs. Candour*, Mr. Tilbury as *Sir Oliver Surface*, and the manager himself in *Moses*, were received, as the play-bills would say, "with unbounded enthusiasm." The comedy was followed by Mr. Planché's extravaganza of 'The Invisible Prince.' The house was crowded; and gave, we think, satisfactory evidence that the dramatic season has set in with decided spirit.

On Monday Miss Helen Faucit made her first appearance for the season, as the heroine in 'The Lady of Lyons,' and performed with her usual grace and pathos. She was supported by Mr. Creswick, as *Claude Melnotte*—a part much better suited to his style than that of Sheridan's villainous sentimentalist. He is still, however, too conventional, and should allow his impulses a much freer play. The farce that succeeded was Mr. Oxenford's 'Twice killed'; in which Mr. and Mrs. Keeley made their bow to the audience, and were received with a hearty welcome. On Wednesday Miss Helen Faucit and Mr. Creswick appeared again together, in 'The Hunchback,'—with the important addition of Mrs. Nisbett for the first time in *Helen*. We expected a banquet on this occasion,—and were not disappointed. Mrs. Nisbett's *Helen* is marked by that remarkable vigour and spirit which characterize her *Restamark* in 'The Love Chase.' To these she adds an assumption of *passion*, which renders her performance of this character quite unique. Miss Faucit, in *Julia*, was excited to one of her most brilliant efforts. From the moment of her misunderstanding with *Clifford*, she rose gradually to an elevation of passion which ultimately attained the summit of dramatic power. The delicacy and tenderness of her interview with her discarded

lover, as the Earl's Secretary, was most touching. A portion of it, from the depths of emotion portrayed, was nearly inaudible; yet the pantomime was so expressive that the situation explained itself without the aid of words. Rarely has despairing love been more sweetly interpreted. It was for the fifth act, however, that Miss Faucit reserved her highest power. The expostulation with her guardian was a triumph of skill, declamation, and dignified passion. Here Miss Faucit comes into an obvious rivalry with Mrs. Butler;—the effects of the latter, however, are on the grand and massive scale, while those of Miss Faucit depend on the combination of more minute characteristics,—by repeated efforts accomplishing a beautiful and artistic whole. Mr. Creswick was the *Master Walter*,—a part well adapted to his talents. It requires a cold, inquisitorial manner, relieved by occasional ebullitions of kindness;—the very style, in fact, which this actor most affects. Mr. H. Farren, as *Modus*, improved upon us;—but we must know him further before we pronounce on his claims. This evening was distinguished by another *débüt*, or rather restoration—that of Mr. Ranger, in the farce of 'The Romantic Widow.' Here he performs the part of a French Marquis in distress; who, from his London attic, advertises his qualifications to cook dinners, dress hair, teach his own language, and prescribe quack medicines,—and thus replenishes his resources, until passed beyond the necessity of living on his wits by his marriage with the romantic widow, (Miss Reynolds). This actor will be found a considerable acquisition. The house was crowded to excess.

On Thursday Mrs. Nisbett performed *Constance*—the character which first indicated the eminence that she has since obtained. Mr. Creswick undertook the part of *Truworth*—and seemed at home in it. The *Widow Green* by Mrs. Glover was, as usual, an admirable impersonation.—Mr. Poole's two-act comedy of 'My Wife!—what Wife?' has also been revived here; the parts of *Captain Hector Tempest*, *R.N.*, *Sen*, and *Jun*, being performed by Mr. Farren and his son Henry. The family likeness conduced to the fun of the plot. Mr. Wigan's 'Model of a Wife' has been transplanted to these boards,—where, to all appearance, it is likely to flourish.

**DRURY LANE.**—This theatre was opened last night, under the management of M. Julien, with the "Annual Series of Concerts,"—which are to continue for a month. We cannot, for the present, do more than notice the fact.

### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

#### Music in North Italy.

Milan.

HE who should have touched Italy without coming upon traces of Music would have been laughed to scorn by the English traveller in the days when the Italian was rated as nothing if not an opera singer. Yet your fastidious dilettante, spoiled by Paris and London, will too often experience such a doleful consummation if he takes his flights in the autumn; and, if he then even find the theatres open, will be tempted to cry in a spirit of present depreciation—"They have 'had the crown,'" unless he can allow indications to count as well as finished performances. To me it seems impossible to pass a few days on this side of the Alps without being thrown into a somewhat tantalizing confusion of impressions. Matters for regret and for hope are so oddly combined! The signs and tokens, too, seem now more perplexing than ever; and some of them, bred in the ferment of the thick-coming aspirations and fancies which agitate Italian society, are comical enough,—such as Rossini's appointment to a captaincy of the civic guard at Bologna, or the hymns in praise of Pio Nono chorused, à la *Marseillaise*, between the acts of the operas in half-a-dozen towns. Nor will the idea of that prettiest but flimsiest of *cabaletta*-makers, Pacini, setting the choruses of 'Edipus' as a *Vicenza* regale for the Scientific Congress at Venice, be found less whimsical by such as recollect how Mendelssohn's 'Antigone' music has been cavilled at by classicalists because hardly grave enough! But the manifestations of Art in aid of Politics or Science may be safely left as transient,—to be returned to, when they shall bear artistic fruit.

Meanwhile, of other less high-flown matters. It is a complaint pretty well stereotyped that there is no longer any good street music in Italy. This, despite of grateful

remembrances of coffee-house concerts at Venice and Florence, my own experience would have warranted me in echoing, so far as the instrumentalists are concerned, until a morning or two since. Then, while lounging in the front of the friendly *Albergo*, at Cadenabbia, on the Lake of Como, I was struck by the picture made by the disembarkation of a party whom we had more than once encountered on the road resting under the plane or acacia trees—a father, a mother, and a pair of young children, boy and girl. All looked tired and shabby enough,—but not squalid, nor hungry; and the man had that fine expressive face which so often disappoints one here,—promising intellect which does not exist. Ere he had well entered the *Albergo*, he mustered his quartet in the long passage which in part serves as a thoroughfare betwixt a hamlet and a little town. His own instrument was the *tenorbo*,—the peculiar effect of which (somewhat between a twister and a chuckle) is so odd, yet not unpleasant. The wife took her guitar,—the boy, some five years old, and the girl, little more than four, their tiny violins. The four began to play opera airs, arranged, with a *gusto* and delight which, I think, could not have been rehearsed on compulsion. Two more fiery and brisk creatures I never saw as they frisked merrily about betwixt exhibition and exhibition, and snatched up their instruments to begin again, with an eager and amusing rivalry of each other. The boy played very well in tune; stopping diligently, whenever he failed in a passage, to repeat it, and executing his music in good style. After a *giro* on the Lake among the villas, they came back at night-fall and set to work again; the children, as they rioted round our knees in the moonshine, merrily answering all manner of questions in a manner which proved that they had made progress in the elemental knowledge of the art. They seemed to be allowed food and fun enough. About sleep, I am not so sure; but in this delicious climate, and on such a lake as Como, vagabondizing does not seem so joyless for children as in "the dim and treeless town." As I noted the name, Bolis of Bergamo,—I forgot for an instant the shadow to what seemed in its gipsy way so blithe. I was reminded of it the next morning by a contrast nearly as impressive as that of the Skeleton at the banquet of the ancients. The little party was hurrying along the path in front of the *Albergo* to make some farewell music for us before we left, when matters were interrupted by preparations for another departure. A soft easy-chair was placed in a boat, then a bed; and when all was ready, there crawled out into the sunshine, tenderly supported by mine host, a pale woman, little past middle age, with, as—simply said, "Death and the Stage" in her face! You know the smile of the Dancer, got up to hide severe exertion? Well, it was there still,—long after the power of dancing, almost of moving, was over! I never beheld anything so ghastly! She had been for a short period one of the most celebrated and promising *ballerini* of Italy; and had led, I was told, "a gay life," of which we saw all but the end. Melancholy, monitory contrast to the beginning of those two children of genius! I could not but think how little chance there was of the dying creature in the boat speaking home, as the sight should have done, to the coarse though kind father and mother.—But I had better stop; since the training of the Prodigy or Artist is not a subject to be exhausted in one paragraph—severe or sentimental. If, however, the child shall have an average chance, it will not surprise me should the world hear more of little Bolis of Bergamo.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—The result of the Gloucester Festival has, we are glad to hear, been very satisfactory. The sums collected for the benefit of the widows and orphans of clergymen belonging to the dioceses of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester amounted to 686l. 2s. 11d.,—being about 150l. more than was collected in 1841 and 1844: and it is expected that further donations will be sent by persons who were not able to be present at the meeting.

To the list of deaths in the theatrical world we have this week to add that of Mr. Peake, the popular dramatic author,—whose popularity has not, we regret to hear, prevented his leaving a large family behind him in very narrow circumstances. His early dramatic writings had, in fact, yielded him such a return as seemed to secure his children against that too

common lot in the world to which he belonged: and his savings were embarked in the old English Opera-house at a period when such investment promised large increase. The destruction by fire of that theatre in 1830 reversed the canvas for him—and left himself dependent on his pen for daily bread, and his children to the chances of public sympathy after his death. A subscription is, we hear, in contemplation.

—We may mention, too, the recent death of Mr. James Fisin, father of the Royal Society of Musicians—of which body he had been a member for sixty-five years.

The new play by Mr. Marston is in rehearsal at the Haymarket, in order to its immediate production; Miss Helen Faucit and Mr. Creswick being cast for the two principal characters. The title of the drama is quaint but apting—“The Heart and the World.” The dialogue is partly in verse and partly in prose.

Of foreign gossip—we may mention that a new work by Auber is spoken of as about to appear at the *Opéra Comique* in Paris: that a new opera, the first essay in theatrical music of the pianist Lisolt, has been produced at the court theatre in Brunswick,—and received, according to the newspaper reports, with enthusiasm; and that the French company who have been playing successively at St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Hamburg have now opened a campaign in the Swedish metropolis.

### MISCELLANEA

*The United States Coast Survey.*—It is not likely that the extent of the Survey will be appreciated by such direct personal observations as people have the opportunity of making. The signal-posts marking some of the Survey stations may be noticed along the Coast or in the interior,—it may be in Massachusetts or in New Hampshire,—noticed without any thought of their being also in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and the Carolinas, and along the Gulf of Mexico. The coasts seem on Nantucket, and he knows of the work going on in that quarter; other men observe them along the involved irregularities of the shores of Chesapeake Bay, or in the neighbourhood of Mississippi Sound; but these signs, separately seen, are seldom thought of as belonging to one great work, under the guidance of one mind. A small encampment may be seen on some sand-heap of an island or promontory in the sea, or perhaps on some elevated ground, fifty miles or more from the ocean, and the passer-by is surprised to hear that it has to do with the survey of the coast: the observing tents may be seen in one of the Middle States, or towards the northern or southern extremities of the Union. At equally remote distances the topographical parties may be encountered: a surveying vessel may be seen busy with the soundings and the currents of the Nantucket Shoals; another may be spoken exploring the Gulf Stream, and another at work near the mouths of the Mississippi: astronomical and magnetical observations at various stations, or at Cambridge, New York, Philadelphia, or Washington, may come to the direct notice of persons—here of one and there of another; these operations, apparently insulated, may be personally met with, but no impression is thus received, at least by people generally, of the extent of the operations or their combination in one large scheme. Even the published results,—the maps issued from the Survey-office,—whether the general coast maps or the harbour maps,—hardly give an adequate idea of the unity and the magnitude of the work, from which the attention is drawn away by the minuteness of detail and the miniature accuracy, which are of course the great merit of these admirable charts of particular sections of the shore or of particular harbours. But, after examining one of these maps—say, the large map of New York Bay, or of New Bedford or Annapolis Harbours—a seaport or a bay-port, let any one turn his eye to a common map of the United States, and looking along the shore line from the northern limit of Maine down to the southern cape of Florida, and thence along the borders of the Gulf of Mexico on to the last limit of Texas—comprehending, all the while, the circumference of each island along the coast, and the complex configuration of each bay, and most of all, the curious involutions of Chesapeake Bay, and the river banks up to the head of coasting navigation,—he may then form some idea of what an undertaking the Coast Survey of the United States is—of what is doing and what is to be done.—*Literary World.*

*Peppys's Diary.*—Oct. 7.—Sir Walter Scott, in reference to *Peppys's Diary*, mentions with marked discontent, “the omission and suppression” by Lord Braybrooke “of a vast portion of that delightfully quaint *Diary*.”—Will you allow me, through your journal, to express a hope that in the new edition of *Peppys*, announced in the last *Athenæum*, Lord Braybrooke will restore the whole—or at least a large part—of what the public have been so long—and, I cannot help thinking, so capriciously—deprived of?—*JUVENIS.*

*Antiquarian Discovery.*—A few days since, while workmen were engaged in excavating the bank of the river at Springfield, they came upon a wooden formation at a depth of about 17 feet below the present surface level; which, on being fairly dug out, was found to be the remains of a canoe, made of Scotch oak, in one piece, and evidently formed by scooping out the trunk of a very large tree. From the decayed appearance of the wood, as well as on account of the singularly rude and primitive nature of the construction, we have no hesitation in believing that many hundred years have elapsed since it came from the hands of an architect. Upon the whole, it is a clumsy-looking article, but must have cost its builder no small labour before his task was finished. The length of the canoe, or barge as it may be called, is upwards of 11 feet; the prow is sloped in regular Chinese style, but what has apparently once been a stern is of heavy uncouth formation—it is about 18 inches in breadth, and of proportionate depth, and when afloat on the water would be capable of accommodating two or three persons. It was found, we may explain, in a bed of sand—from which some conjecture that the course of the river has at one time run in that direction. Be this as it may, the article is certainly a curiosity in its way, and may afford ample ground for speculation to those who think the subject worthy of their attention.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

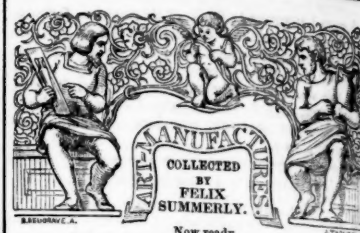
*The Etymology of “Urchin.”*—Oct. 8.—Does not the last of the three species of beings mentioned in the line cited from Beowulf offer a much more certain parentage for the Urchins than the Celtic Uriskins—

Eotenas and Ylfas and Orocenas.

If the singular of this word was ever pronounced Oroceno, it would naturally become Urchin in English. The sense in which we now use the term would seem to show that the Urchins were cousin-germans to the Dwarfs, who were well-known guardians of treasures. Might not this explain the Anglo-Saxon Eorcnan-stan—a precious stone—an Urchin-stone?—*H. W.*

*British India.*—British dominion in India may now be said to comprise a territory fluctuating between, if it cannot be admitted virtually to comprehend, an expanse of surface varying from 553,000 to 1,280,000 square miles; with a population alternating between the extremes of 83,000,000 and 134,000,000 of human souls. Surrounded by the extensive and fertile countries of China, Burmah, Siam, Persia, Arabia, and the Eastern Archipelago, it may be described as comprising some of the richest and most sumptuous portions of the globe, terminated by a sea coast of 1,500 miles, indented with various harbours, and an interior intersected by the magnificent streams of the Ganges, the Brahmapootra, and the Indus. In climate, it is classed by the latest authorities as falling under three general divisions,—viz. the Himmaleh, the belt of the flat country extending from the Indus to the Brahmapootra, and Peninsular India. In short reaching, as our Asiatic possessions do, from within six degrees of the equinoctial line to the thirty-fifth degree of northern latitude, they may be easily perceived to possess a range from the temperature of the torrid zone to the region of perpetual snow. The agricultural wealth of such a realm is of course of the grandest to be conceived, comprehending all the demands of the vastest commerce that could be prosecuted. Yet what is the reason that such rich and profuse elements have not attained their rank in the markets of the world? How is it that we import cotton from America; wheat from various quarters of the globe; tallow, flax, hemp, from Russia; that we squabble about sugar from Brazil; when India is the natural storehouse of the empire for every raw product to be yielded by the bounteousness of nature? The trade of India with the whole world has been estimated at about 30,000,000*l.* sterling annually. It may well be hoped to be only in its infancy. It is, however, delightful to reflect upon the impetus which must naturally be given to it by the increase of her steam power and the introduction of railroads.—*Universe.*

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